

FOOTBALL'S BIG SHOWDOWNS

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 23, 1963 25 CENTS

SPECIAL ISSUE SPORT IN THE ORIENT
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that's right!

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Read it on our label. Taste it in our Whisky. The flavour is unmistakable.

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As it is already stated on page 123

Next issue

PRO FOOTBALL'S best teams—the Giants and the Bears—meet for the NFL championship in Chicago. The result is detailed in words and color photographs in our Jan. 6 issue.

WHO WILL IT BE? The 1963 choice of Sportsman of the Year is a departure from tradition but not from standards of excellence. Again the amphora rewards high performance.

AT SNOQUALMNE the rain falls mainly on the ski slopes. But the country's most adamant skiers merely clamp on their trusty raincoats and mush up and down the mountain.





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A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

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It would likely swallow whole your favorite scatter rug, and any miscellaneous geegaws or household pets in its way. Because this vacuum sweeper was designed to keep airport runways clean. It'll suck up rocks as big as your fist, as well as wet newspapers, dead birds, and other such debris. If you're planning to attend the 1964 Tokyo Olympics and arrive by air, it will help make your landing safe at Tokyo's Haneda International Airport. It was produced by Hitachi, Japan's largest corporation and one of the world's leading manufacturers of electrical and industrial products. The August 30th issue of Life magazine devoted 9 pages to Hitachi, calling us "Colossus of the Orient."

The giant vacuum sweeper is only one of some 10,000 individual products — ranging from heavy electrical, industrial, and transportation equipment to precision electronic instruments and scientific apparatus — de-

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COMPETITION WORLD!**



✓1964 Result: **TOTAL PERFORMANCE
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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>Ford is king of NASCAR competition and Ford Motor Company is the "NASCAR Affirmation Award" to prove it. In the 1980 season, special Ford entered in a series single ended 600 at the race took an average of 100 miles per hour, 1000 miles in 10 hours and 40 minutes. And in two other major stock car racing events, NASCAR and AAA, Ford drivers have wrapped up the 1983 championships.</p> | <p>Here the Cobra with its special Fairlane engine emerged as the overwhelming leader in one short year. Cobra won the coveted Manufacturer's Trophy in SCCA Class A Production competition by so wide a margin no other cars—U.S. or foreign—were even in sight. And in two major tests that fall, the Laguna Seca and Riverside races, the new King Cobra dished off the top—unbeaten cars from all over the world.</p> | <p>Products of Ford Motor Company and its world wide alliances, with the 1963 Mustang, the 1963 Ford 1963 yearbook is when two specially equipped Falcon V-8's started the automotive world in the brutal 2500 mile Monte Carlo Rally. Others special stock V-8's triumphed in Holland's famed Tulip Rally and ran away with the Manufacturer's Team Prize in the 4000 mile Trans Canada Rally.</p> | <p>Advanced Ford engineering smashed precedent in the classic Indianapolis 500. The first time out, a light alloy version of the Fairlane V-8 design in a Lotus chassis finished second. And the next time in the Milwaukee 200, it ended the reign of the traditional Indy "ranger" by leading every foot of the way from start to finish.</p> | <p>The Most Economical Run was secured Falcon's very long reputation for the 1980 Falcon, scored first in Class B (medium-engined compact). And the Pure Oil Performance Tests brought laurels to the Big Fords, which walked off with overall wins in Classes I and II for total performance (economy, acceleration and braking).</p> |



Fords have changed—and that's the real reason behind Ford's racing success. We're now making the longest lasting, best handling cars in our history—because competition provides an intensity of testing that no proving ground can ever equal. What we learn from the specially equipped cars we race helps us make your car better.

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**TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
FOR A CHANGE!**

FORD

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SCORECARD

ONE LAW FOR ALL

Sports bills introduced in Congress are many. Sports bills passed by Congress are rare. This week Senator Philip A. Hart, Michigan Democrat who has taken over leadership of the Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly held for years by the late Senator Estes Kefauver, put up a sorely needed bill.

The bill would put all professional sports under federal antitrust laws but would make exceptions to bring football, basketball and hockey into the same legal league as baseball. The law would not apply to agreements and rules pertaining to the equalization of competitive player strengths, the employment, selection or eligibility of players, the reservation, selection or assignment of player contracts, or the right to operate in specific geographic areas.

Baseball has enjoyed freedom from antitrust regulation since a 1922 Supreme Court decision, but other professional sports have operated not so much outside the law as beside it. Hart wants to give to the other sports what baseball has had for decades—a clear conscience.

Hart's background in sport is extensive. He has been a director of the Detroit Lions and a vice-president of the Detroit Tigers. Let us hope he has a home run with this one.

GOODBY, RED

Last New Year's Rose Bowl game between Southern California and Wisconsin was seen by an estimated \$3,338,000 persons—the most, according to the National Broadcasting Company, ever to witness a sports event up to that time. The game was clearly a television production. It was amusing, at first, when Referee Jimmy Cain orated to the captains about keeping the game clean—"Don't forget you're on television!"—but it became annoying as "official time-outs" were ordered by TV's "man in the red shirt," standing on the sidelines to see to it that the sponsor was allowed plenty of commercials. It did seem that, in a game with 11 touchdowns and

18 genuine time-outs, there were plenty of opportunities for commercials. As it was, the game ran three hours and 10 minutes (in part because of TV time-outs but also because Ron VanderKelen's paves drove USC dizzy in the last quarter). NBC was forced to preempt time from a following program.

This year, praise be, there will be no such nonsense. Referee and players will have sole authority to call time-outs.

EXERCISE IN FUTILITY

It was a high school basketball opening game and only the players and coaches minded that play was ragged and shooting far from midseason form. After all, at half time the two Oregon schools, Redmond and Madras, gave every sign of preventing a close battle. The score at the half: Redmond 22, Madras 20.

No Redmond player ever will forget the second half. The boys drove for lay-ups—and missed. They shot from the key—and missed. They tried long ones—no go, either. Fourteen times Redmond players stepped to the free-throw line. Fourteen misses.

Final score: Madras 48, Redmond 22. Ultimate frustration came after the final buzzer. Just as the game ended, Redmond's Kerry Parkinson was fouled. All alone, he stepped to the free-throw line and, since the game was over and there was no possible rebound, he calmly sank the shot for Redmond's only second-half point. Then he stepped over the foul line to miffify it.

HORSELESS RACING

While New York's controversy over legalizing off-track betting gets no nearer solution, one legislator in search of tax cash, Assemblyman Louis DeSalvo, has come up with a weird suggestion. Every August when New York racing moves to beautiful but isolated Saratoga, the beautiful dollars going into the state treasury dwindle. Attendance at the charming rural track can never approach that at citified Aqueduct, which has been described as a sandy supermarket.

DeSalvo suggests that city bettors in

search of action during the Saratoga season should sit at Aqueduct and bet on races at Saratoga. They would be provided with closed-circuit views of Saratoga races on large television screens. Their money would register merrily on the tote boards both at Saratoga, where it would affect the odds, and at Aqueduct, where the bettors could watch the action without interference by a whinny or any other manifestation of a live horse or sweating jockey.

DeSalvo estimates that the state treasury would get another \$2.5 million a year from this long-distance play. Possibly, but the DeSalvo plan would move racing one step closer to being a mere adjunct of the tax department instead of a live sport.

THE PHILHARMONIC PHILOSOPHER

The boredom of modern collegians with the sugary, lump-in-the-throat alma mater song has disrespected many an old grad who remembers the days of the hango quintet strummin' and hummin' by the light of the silvery moon. Let the old grad brace himself. The worst is here. In Seattle, gone mad with intimations of Rose Bowl grandeur, the big college song is a new rock 'n' roll twister dedicated to the Washington-Illinois



game. It is driving the city wild. It is played every half hour on one radio station. It is being stamped out in thousands by a Los Angeles record manufacturer.

Seattle cannot be quarantined, so the rest of the country will be exposed to the contagion on New Year's Day, by which time it will have spread to Pasadena. The song, so to speak, is called

continued

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First in the Pacific
First in the Atlantic
First to Latin America
First Round the World

SCORECARD continued

Charlie Browning and is named for the University of Washington's fullback. Its lyrics are filled with such subtle phrasing as "Douglas throws a pass 'He's all fired up' And waiting in the end zone 'Is Sticky-Fingers Kupp."

The anthem was written and recorded by a university quartet whose members include a philosophy graduate student. So much for modern philosophy.

BOXING TABLE 'O'NOTE

The Mansion House, one of 36 buildings that go to make up Maine's Poland Spring Hotel complex, was completed in 1797. Wentworth Ricker, prop. The area, source of Poland Spring bottled water, soon developed into one of the country's great watering spots. About a hundred years after the hotel was founded the first golf course belonging to a resort hotel, a six-holer, was completed there. But changes in customs and habits brought hard times. After the bad days of the 1930s, the hotel went into receivership and reorganization.

Now sports may be the salvation of Poland Spring. In 1962 Saul Feldman bought the huge place and put up a new 86-room building. He installed an Olympic swimming pool and is working on a ski area to open next year.

Last week, the old hotel saw its greatest sports innovation. Boxing bouts were staged in the dining room for the benefit of the hotel's Caddie Camp Alumni Association. Boxers from the Lewiston Police Athletic League, Topham Air Force Base and the Brunswick Naval Air Station were the contestants. For \$7.50 spectators got ringside seats at white-clothed tables, a choice of entrees (prime ribs of beef au jus, broiled half spring chicken or charcoal-broiled swordfish) and six three-round bouts. There were 52 seats for noneaters. The card was better than most of the professional shows seen in Maine in the past three years.

Bill Faversham, one of Cassius Clay's many owners, has a reservation at Poland Spring for next summer. Maybe he will bring Cassius to take the waters. After meeting Sonny Liston he just might need them.

BEER OF DISCONTENT (CONT.)

Cries of fervent protest came last week from Europe's leading sports publication, *L'Equipe*, which decried *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* charge of prejudice (*Inter-*

national Ski Scandal, Dec. 16) against a French official who rated the most promising U.S. Olympic Alpine team as a bunch of losers. Seeded far below their correct ratings, the Americans were thereby given the disadvantage of skiing over thoroughly chopped-up courses. *L'Equipe* defended the official, Robert Faure, arguing that he had merely respected an established system founded on results of the classic tests.

"The fact remains," said *L'Equipe*, "that the system . . . is to the disadvantage of American skiers when they do not participate in the large classic European ski meets." It inquired if, perhaps, American directors had not been shortsighted in failing to send their best skiers to Europe last year.

A rather odd question, considering that the FIS president, Marc Hodler, had said that U.S. and European races would be compared fairly—and had added recently, before the unfortunate seedings, that "the Americans were right in thinking that there would be no disadvantage in not coming to Europe."

Now comes the proof of the pudding. At the season's first major international meet in Val-d'Isere, the Americans were given the benefit of better starting positions because the top-seeded Austrians and Germans were not competing. With this fair chance, Buddy Werner won the slalom and the combined title, and Jimmy Heuga finished fourth in the giant slalom and sixth in the slalom. It is clear that M. Faure should not have seeded 20 skiers ahead of Werner in the Olympic slalom and that Heuga's seedings of 40th in the slalom and 32nd in the giant slalom are equally ridiculous.

FAMILIAR REFRAIN

As of old, boxing is involved in another intramural feud. Madison Square Garden, long possessor of boxing's sole TV contract, seems to be putting the squeeze on a recently formed rival. A fortnight ago, a New Jersey group, the Garden State Sports Corporation, promoted the Joey Giardello-Dick Tiger middleweight championship match in Atlantic City. Garden State put on the best promotion since the days of Mike Jacobs and also wound up with the middleweight champion, Joey Giardello.

Although the corporation is new to boxing, its officers are not. Promoter Murray Goodman and Matchmaker Jack Barrett are themselves old Madison Square Garden hands, and Joe Louis is serving as consultant. The Garden,

continued



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If you've never tried
Alka-Seltzer®
you don't know how
speedy relief can be!

When too much holiday cheer brings on holiday headache, bring out the Alka-Seltzer! Unlike pain pills, Alka-Seltzer is already a liquid when you take it. Ready to go to work instantly.

Alka-Seltzer provides the effective pain-reliever, sodium acetylsalicylate, in a completely dissolved solution. In the first ten minutes—when you really need it—the system quickly absorbs more of this Alka-Seltzer pain-reliever.

When you want a modern effective pain-reliever (and a soothing stomach alkalizer) take two Alka-Seltzer tablets.



RELIEF IS JUST
A SWALLOW AWAY

SCORECARD continued

according to Goodman, "did everything, and more, to sink our Giardello-Tiger fight. They ran an underground railway to Madison Avenue to spread rumors that the fight would never take place, and scared off at least three all-but-signed TV sponsors."

"Our problem," says Louis, "is to keep from getting crushed. I had a letter from Bobo Olson agreeing to terms and the next thing I know the Garden has promised Bobo a TV shot, twice the money they've been paying other guys like him. They even whispered he might get a title match if he didn't fight for us. This has happened other times. We don't get the fighter—and, mostly, the fighter really gets nothing but promises."

Now the new promoters are going to bump heads with Madison Square Garden in its own backyard. They have received a license to promote fights in New York's Coliseum—just 10 blocks north of the Garden.

"We can't live with the Garden," said one manager last week, "and maybe we can't live without them. But with these guys offering the Garden competition there will be some fun in dying."

END OF ERA

Harness racing has finally put an end to time trial records, a move long recommended here. It had been the only competitive sport to sanction noncompetitive marks, and it did so because breeders could enhance the value of their stock by setting up ideal conditions under which horses could achieve good clockings. Naturally, the horse breeders on the board of directors of the U.S. Trotting Association wanted to retain time trials at the board's meeting last weekend, but they were defeated. The public will no longer be confused about a trotter's true racing ability.

THEY SAID IT

- Bill Pellington, Baltimore Colt middle linebacker, after he had been thrown out of a game for kicking a Minnesota Viking: "Just say I lost my pose."
- Roger M. Blough, chairman of U.S. Steel, accepting the National Football Foundation Hall of Fame's gold medal, on his alma mater, Susquehanna University: "In the three years I played we won six, lost 17 and tied two. Some statisticians with a great capacity for charity has calculated that we won 75% of the games we didn't lose."

END

IMPERIAL HOTEL a Tokyo tradition since the days of the Emperor Meiji

Time was when the Imperial Hotel was part of Japan's Imperial Household—inaugurated at the Emperor's behest as the first hotel in Tokyo where distinguished overseas guests could feel at home, western style.

"Western style," in 1890, made the Imperial Hotel unique. Today, the delightful blending of Japanese hospitality and international comfort is a 73-year-old Imperial tradition.

Old-timers on the Imperial staff grew up serving guests like Will Rogers and Father Flanagan, "Lefty" Grove and the Maharaja of Bhampur, Madame Pavlova and the great Chaliapin, whose "Steak Chaliapin" still delights international diners in the Imperial's celebrated Grill Room.

Be sure your visit to Japan includes the Imperial welcome. An invitation from the Emperor is no longer necessary. Simply ask your travel agent to book you at the one and only Imperial Hotel.

Imperial—built from a traditional collection representing Japan's Royal Court



IMPERIAL HOTEL
Tokyo

T. Inohara, President and General Manager



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float them in a bowl of mercury so the ball's perfectly balanced when you have it drilled to fit your grip.

Choose an AMF bowling ball from the new Amflite Magic Line. In eleven new, striking colors including the vibrant pearlescent look. It's a perfect way to spend the extra money you got for Christmas! Amflite balls are available at bowling centers and wherever quality sporting goods are sold.

American Machine & Foundry Company
261 Madison Avenue, New York.



THE GIANT STORY



Titus (left) completed 17 of 26 passes. Here



The New York Giants, soaring on the marvelous passing of Y. A. Tittle to his equally marvelous receivers, ended the struggle for their third straight Eastern Division championship by beating Pittsburgh. Now the Giants face the Chicago Bears for the league championship—and the tireless Tittle arm should win again.

CONTINUED



Two of his completions go to Aaron Thomas (88) and two to Frank Bifford (16). Bifford's one-handed catch (below) was key play of game.



TITTLE TAKES DEAD AIM ON A TITLE

by TEX MAULE

The New York Giants have operated most of the season plastered together by high hopes and adhesive tape. If the tape holds, they will be the next champions of the professional football world. Last Sunday they won their third straight Eastern Division championship in a subfreezing, gusty Yankee Stadium by whipping their most successful challengers, the Pittsburgh Steelers, 33-17 in a weird and—for the 63,240 Giant fans—wonderful game. On December 29 they meet the keyed-up Chicago Bears at high noon in the skimpy confines of Wrigley Field in Chicago, and even on the Bears' home ground the Giants appear strong enough to win. They demonstrated why in their conquest of the Steelers.

The Bears, meanwhile, walked the high wire all afternoon in their final game against the Detroit Lions. They needed to win to hold their half-game margin over Green Bay and, although they teetered and tottered, they finally staggered to a 24-14 victory.

During the week before meeting the Giants, the Steelers were an oddly relaxed, confident group. They had beaten the Giants 31-0 on September 22, and they did not seem at all disturbed that Y. A. Tittle, who had missed that game because of an injury, was healthy for the second meeting.

"He doesn't play defense," said Ernie Stautner, the elder statesman of the Steeler defensive line. "We got 31 points."

Buddy Dial, who was cut by the Giants in his rookie year only to become one of the best receivers in the league for Pittsburgh, found a long stick during practice one day and sneaked into a meeting of the defensive club with it.

"Here, fellows," he said. "You better take this. You may need it to knock down Tittle's passes Sunday."

He was a better prophet than he knew, although even a 10-foot pole would not have been long enough to reach Del Shofner on some of the passes Tittle threw him.

The Steelers were the victims of some horrible luck during the afternoon, but there was no doubt at all—when it was all over and the crowd was ripping down the goal posts—that the Giants were the best team in the East.

A measure of the value of Tittle to this Giant team is the fact that with him, using the same offense, and changing only a few blocking assignments in the line, the Giants scored 33 points; without him, they had scored none. The Giant ground offense was good enough to set up Tittle's passes and good enough in the closing quarter to control the ball. But it was the air attack—the Giants' forte—that finished Pittsburgh.

Throwing through a strong, erratic wind that varied from 15 to 25 miles an hour, Tittle completed 17 of 26 passes. Ed Brown, the Pittsburgh quarterback, completed only 13 of 33 and many of his throws were so far off target as to appear ludicrous. Brown has been known to lose his efficiency as a passer when the weather turns cold; last Sunday his passing was as cold as the air.

A Steeler fumble on the first play of the game set up a Giant field goal. Later in the first quarter, Gary Ballman, a second-year flanker back, carrying the ball in one hand

and six points in the other, was about to cross the Giant goal line when he was hit so hard the ball popped into the end zone. There Ernie Barnes retrieved it and ran it out to the Giant 34. A penalty already called against the Steelers would have nullified the play, but they would not have lost the ball. The Giants moved quickly.

The first touchdown came on a 41-yard pass play from Tittle to Shofner, who was yards beyond Willie Daniel, the Steeler corner back attempting to cover him. Daniel, a young back in his third season, found Shofner's experience and speed difficult to cope with. Earlier in the game Tittle had attempted a sideline pass to Shofner, luring Daniel up close. This time Shofner faked the sideline, then broke downfield, and Daniel, coming up too hard, could not reverse direction and could only watch helplessly from far behind as Shofner took the perfectly thrown pass.

Late in the second period Tittle did almost the same thing to set up the second Giant touchdown. Again it was a first-down play—a play on which Tittle does not often pass. Again Shofner beat Daniel and this time the pass earned down to the Steeler 14-yard line for a 44-yard gain.

Tittle, who called an intelligent, resourceful game, then went to another stratagem to get the touchdowns. First he faked a pass and sent Joe Morrison on a draw play through the right side of the Steeler line to the eight-yard line. Next he gave the ball to Phil King on a cutback to the left of the Steeler defense, and King got a first down on the Steeler three. The Steelers braced for another run—counting on Tittle's habit of sticking with a successful play as long as it works. Instead, Tittle faked a handoff to King and then lofted a soft pass to Morrison in the end zone for the touchdown. No one was within reach of Morrison, not even Buddy Dial's stick would have helped.

The half ended with the Giants leading 16-3. The Steelers, whose main threat is the running of John Henry Johnson and Theron Sapp, had moved sporadically over the frozen ground during the first half. Their drives were aborted when Brown went to the air but could not connect with his receivers and the Giant defense, with linebackers playing up close, stopped Johnson and Sapp.

The Steeler field goal came with seven seconds left in the half, and the drive that produced it was frustratingly typical. From the Giant 20, first and 10, Brown threw three passes. On all three he had plenty of time, but none of the passes was within reach of a receiver, and twice receivers were in the clear. On fourth down Lou Michaels kicked a 27-yard field goal.

In the opening minutes of the third quarter, the Steelers made their one strong bid to win the game. They had kicked off to the Giants, had stopped New York cold and then had begun a drive from their own 33. With third and one for the Steelers on their own 42, the Giants moved into a gap defense—eight men on the line of scrimmage poised in the cracks between the offensive linemen. This is a normal defense against a short-yardage play, and it is an effective one. But if the back can clear the line, he has an unhampered

route deep into the secondary. On this play Johnson, who hit hard and ran well all day, burst through the left side of the Giant defense and ran 48 yards to the New York 10-yard line before Dick Lynch caught him. Brown threw one of his few accurate passes to Ballman for the Steeler touchdown.

For a few moments after the Giants got the ball for their next series of downs, it appeared that the Steelers, encouraged by their quick score, might take control of the game. They rushed Tittle hard and forced him to hurry a pass so that it fell incomplete. They smothered Phil King on a running play. It was third and eight, Del Shofner was out of the game with bruised ribs, and the Giants were in trouble—or so it seemed.

But then Frank Gifford took over Shofner's role as first-down getter. Gifford had been playing flanker back all afternoon—just getting exercise. Tittle had thrown to him only once. Gifford's covering man was Glenn Glass, a second-year corner back. Glass, aware that Tittle's favorite pass to Gifford is to the outside, near the sideline, had been following Frank closely to the outside, almost conceding him the inside routes, where help might be expected from a safety or a linebacker. The Giants had discussed this during the half-time intermission, and now Tittle called a pass pattern that sent Gifford down and in. When he broke to his left, toward the center of the field, he left Glass cross-legged. Tittle's pass was low, and Gifford reached down with one hand, hoping to tip the ball up. The ball, amazingly, stuck in his hand for a completion on the Steeler 47, a 30-yard gain and a first down. This time Tittle did stay with a good thing, throwing again to Gifford, down to the Steeler 22. Then he used a variation of the play he had used to score before—the pass to Morrison off a fake run. This play forces a single linebacker to provide pass coverage on Morrison. The linebacker failed again, and Morrison took Tittle's short pass yards in the clear and entered in for the touchdown.

"That Gifford catch was the end for us," Steeler Coach Buddy Parker said later. "It looked then like we were beginning to pick up and they were sliding. But you could see the whole club come alive after that play."

Although Coach Allie Sherman did not believe that the game had a single turning point, he agreed that Gifford's catch was the big play of the game for the Giants. "He has come up with a big play—a real key play like this one—in nearly every one of the last six or seven games," Sherman said. He stared accusingly at the ring of sportswriters around him and added, "Ever since some people started burying him about seven weeks ago."

When the Giants face the Bears on December 29, they will play a team whose overall game is similar to that of the Pittsburgh team they beat Sunday. But there are differences. The Bears' pass defense is superior to the Steelers' and the Chicago passing has to be better than Ed Brown's was. The Bear defensive line is bigger than the massive Steeler line and may be a bit more agile. But the Giant offensive linemen proved in the fourth quarter of Sunday's

game that they can move big men; they pried gaping holes in the Steeler line when they had to. Jack Stroud, on the bench for three quarters, was replaced at offensive tackle by rookie Lane Howell, and Howell blocked superbly. More important, the line protected Tittle well all afternoon, giving him a secure base from which to throw. The Bears undoubtedly will send their linebackers in more often than did the Steelers, and their linebackers are quick and adept at the blitz. But Tittle moves well against that tactic.

The battle between the Giant offensive line and the Bear defenders should be about a standoff—and a standoff is a victory for the offensive line. The Giants won't be able to run for much yardage, but then they won't have to; they haven't had to all season. The Giant backs are good hammerers—they pound and pound at a defense for short gains to force it to respect the run. However, the runners don't break away and break up games. Tittle, his arm and his receivers do that.

In the reverse situation, the Giant defensive line and linebackers should have a narrow edge over the Bear offensive line. The Bear blocking has been good all year, although the Bear blockers probably haven't seen as strong a set of defenders as they will in the championship game. This Bear team has depended for its thrust on a sound running attack and the short passes of Bill Wade. If the Giants can bog down the running attack and force Wade into the air, their chances of victory are bettered. A hurried and hurried Wade throwing into the alert Giant secondary could bring disaster to the Bears. The Bear running backs are only a shade better than those of the Giants and the shade may be Ronnie Bull, a more explosive long threat than any Giant back. Joe Marconi, the Bear fullback, is no better than—in fact may not be as good as—Alex Webster or Phil King.

The Bears have good receivers in Angelo Coia, John Farrington and Johnny Morris and they have the best tight end in the league in Mike Ditka. Yet these men do not outshine Gifford, Shofner, Joe Walton and Aaron Thomas, and no one of them is the deep threat that Shofner is.

Actually, there is little to choose between the two teams in offensive and defensive lines, secondaries, linebackers and running backs and receivers. There is, however, a wide difference in favor of the Giants in the most important single position on a football team—quarterback.

"Tittle has been the greatest quarterback I ever saw," Sherman said after last Sunday's game. "No one realizes the difficulties he had to overcome this season. He never knew from one week to the next who would be in the backfield with him because of all the injuries we had. A quarterback is like any other player—he's better if he can always work with the same unit because he learns their timing and moves. But Tittle never had that chance. But he went on and did what he had to do. He was just great today—not only in throwing but in the game he called. I have never seen a better one."

Although some of this praise may be considered the natural ebullience of a winning coach, it is, essentially, true. For three years Tittle, who is in his 14th year of professional football, has been the best quarterback in the league. He is an exceptionally accurate passer at any

Continued

The Giant defense was fluid and ferocious. Here Karpavage, Scott and Robustelli almost literally smother the Steelers' Sepp (39).

WALTER BOOTS JR.

range and a sharp-eyed and resourceful diagnostician of defense. He is an imperturbable field general, with the rare knack of absolute leadership. He should be able to foil the Bear blitz because he reads defenses so quickly and, too, because he throws the ball in a split second, faster than any quarterback except Johnny Unitas.



While Wade has had a good year, he is no Tittle. He has a strong and accurate arm, but he does not pick up broken pass patterns (when his receivers are forced to change their routes) or read defenses as well as Tittle. He is also much more apt to be trapped for a loss on a pass attempt, since his delivery is not nearly as quick.

So the big difference between the teams in the championship game, as it was last Sunday, will be in quarterbacks. It won't be as big a difference as last week's, but even in little Wrigley Field, where the belligerent Bear fans (next page) usually are considered worth a touchdown or two, it should be more than enough for the Giants to win.

CONTINUED



JUST NUTS FOR THE BEARS

Chicago Bear fans were raised on victory. They cheered heroes like Osmenski and Nagurski, Luckman and McAfee. This was during the early '40s when the Bears were the most awesome, invincible name in sports. As the years passed, Bear fans learned about something else: mediocrity. The isolated successes—1946 and 1956—were surrounded by frustrating seasons. Now the Bears are winners again. The heroes are new—Ditka and Atkins. Fortunato and George—but the fans are the same, if a bit older. They are not acting older, though. Crashing the gate, fighting for footballs, they obviously appreciate victory more than ever before.

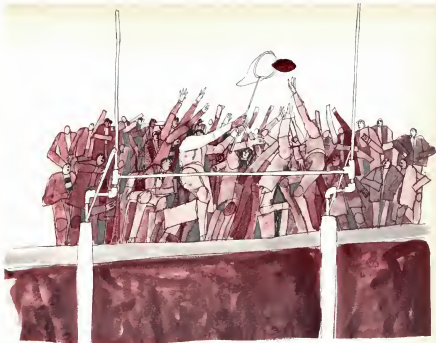


Left alone at home, the loyal wife of a Bear fan knits her men a team sweater. A fan again now that the team is a winner. Her husband? He's at the game, of course, right where he's been since 4:30 in the morning when he started waiting in line for a standing-room ticket.

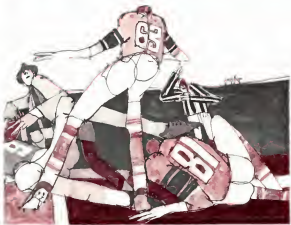


Challenged by "sold out" signs, four Chicago fans try to get into the Green Bay game by sawing through an unguarded wooden gate. Others often wear sneakers so they can wedge their feet between slabs of concrete and scramble like insects up the sheer face of the park.

DRAWINGS BY JEROME MANTON



The game within the game in Chicago is steal the football, and until recently the rules were wide open. But when the Bears lost 26 footballs in one game, the management banned nets and tried to dampen the ardor of the more robust combatants gathered behind goal posts.



A more direct approach to stealing the football is to linger near the sidelines and snatch the ball from unwary runners when they are tackled out of bounds. But the hazards are many. Even if you elude stadium guards, you can still be flattened by a 360-pound linebacker.

THE GRAND PARADE OF THE BOWLS

by DAN JENKINS

Eight major bowl games will be played this year, spotted over 11 days and the breadth of the country. Beginning with Philadelphia's Liberty Bowl and ending with the Rose in Pasadena, bands will march, majorettes will strut and queens will be crowned. There will even be, as Artist Arnold Roth admits in the panels beginning below, football—and lots of it. The parade is

banded by the game of the year, Texas versus Navy. The burning question is: In this year of the quarterback, can the most sensational of all, Navy's Roger Staubach, avoid the perils of on-coming Texas tacklers often enough to bring his team out on top? The answer—and selections of the victors in all the bowls—can be found in the scouting reports starting below.

THE COTTON BOWL

Texas against Navy is the game that had to be. Throughout the whole last half of the 1963 regular season the Longhorns and the Midshipmen were rated one-two in the national polls, and that is how they finished, amid a generous showering of trophies and plaques. Texas, the only major college team to wind up unbeaten and untied (10-0), was appro-

prately crowned national champion. Its leader, Darrell Royal, was voted Coach of the Year, and its tackle, Scott Appleton, was voted Lineman of the Year. Navy, a restless No. 2 team with a 9-1 record, had to settle for the Lambert Trophy, awarded to the best football team in the East, while Navy Quarterback Roger Staubach took the Heisman Trophy as Player of the Year. Now they

meet in what should be the best of the postseason games.

That the game is in the Cotton Bowl spreads irony everywhere. It was in the same stadium on successive days in mid-October that Texas became No. 1 by defeating Oklahoma and that Navy lost all chance of attaining the same first-place rating by suffering an upset to SMU. Navy continued to lay claim to the na-



national championship by defeating a variety of impersonal intersectional opponents by impressive scores. But Texas was even more impressive, shouldering the burden of the top rating week after week and surviving.

All season the strength of Texas lay in its alertness, agility, depth and courage. At the core was a group of 22 seniors known as the Duke Carlisle Crowd, named for the Texas quarterback who became their leader when they were recruited by Royal in 1960. In three years these two full teams won 28 regular season games, lost one and tied one. But they did not have to play all the games alone. They had so much help, in fact, that they were able to suffer injuries that other teams would have considered grievous. Before the season began, Sandy Sands, the Longhorns' best end, dropped out because of injury. Ken Ferguson, the tackle opposite Appleton, was injured and has never won back his position. Ernie Koy, one of the nation's best punters, was lost in the third game and out for the year. By the seventh game Royal was down to his third-string fullback.

Texas will need every bit of its depth if it is going to prevent Navy from tarnishing its trophies. Coach Wayne Hardin's team is as thoroughly aggressive as Royal's, and many of its weapons are obscured by Roger Staubach's fame. Hardin has good reason to believe that Fullback Pat Donnelly is the best there is, that Halfback Johnny Sai, given daylight, can outrun any defender with his 9.7 sprinter's speed, that Tackle Jim Freeman is among the best in the East, and that Staubach is blessed with wonderful receivers. But it is Staubach, of course, who makes Navy a superb team. "He's a good enough runner to make a fine pro halfback, but he's even a better quarterback," says Royal.

Texas has not seen a passer who can escape rushing linemen like Staubach. Navy, on the other hand, has not tried to block any linemen, linebackers or ends as fast or as determined as the Longhorns'. Texas may well use a concealed rush on Navy, as it did on Baylor's Don Trull, never letting Staubach know whether the linebackers, led by sophomore Tommy Nobis, or the ends are going to

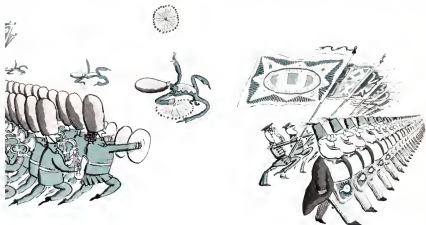
fire through. And Texas' hard-tackling secondary will punish the Navy receivers for every completion. With its aggressiveness, however, Texas will be vulnerable to the big play, Navy's specialty.

In the end the question is not whether Texas' defense is as good as Navy's offense, but the opposite. Is Texas' offense, a grinding ground attack with Duke Carlisle keeping and running, and with Halfback Tommy Ford (738 yards gained) going under and over tacklers, better than Navy's defense? It most likely is, for Navy surrendered too many points this year to lesser opponents. Navy, the team learned against Army, cannot score if Staubach cannot get the ball, and Texas is the type of team that keeps it all afternoon—and then takes it home. Texas will do it again.

THE ORANGE BOWL

For three years Miami's football enthusiasts watched local boy George Mira put more passes in the air than there are Cupri pants on Biscayne Bay. Thus it may be a welcome if less stimulating change when these same ticket buyers go

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to the Orange Bowl to see two other gifted quarterbacks, Auburn's Jimmy Sidle and Nebraska's Dennis Clardge, operate in a wholly different way. Theirs is the art of running. And in that special event known as the quarterbacks' 10-game dash, both Sidle and Clardge ran a 9-1. Miami may come up with the day's best game, even though Mira has to watch it in golf shirt and sunglasses.

Clardge, a 6-foot-4 222-pounder, is a long-striding power runner who telegraphs his destinations but gets there anyhow. Nebraska's game is to control the ball, and no one controls it better than Clardge, who was drafted a year ago by Green Bay. For that matter, ten other Cornhuskers have also been drafted by the NFL and AFL pros. Two up front who clear the debris for Clardge's keeper plays are Guard Bob Brown (6 feet 4, 269) and Tackle Lloyd Voss (6 feet 3, 247). They were first-round choices. It was with such raw power that Nebraska was able to win the Big Eight title.

For all its brute strength, Nebraska has weaknesses, a fact of which Coach Bob Devaney is only too aware. His ends can be circled, his defensive secondary pierced by good passing. His only defeat, in fact, came after a long Air Force pass.

All of which brings up Auburn and Jimmy Sidle. Sidle, only a junior, is a dazzling option runner who lost the national rushing championship by ten yards. More important, Sidle is a sharp passer. He completed 53 of 136 passes for 706 yards and five touchdowns while leading Coach Ralph Jordan's team to a season that included victories over mortal enemies Alabama (10-8) and Georgia Tech (29-21).

Auburn has two other weapons that give it an edge: the place-kicking of Woody Woodall (six field goals and 23 straight conversions) and the punting of Jon Kilgore (41.3 average). One last item: Auburn, coming from the Southeastern Conference, also plays defense. This should make Auburn's day.

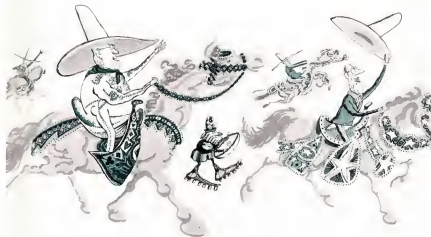
THE ROSE BOWL

A year ago Pasadena, fog and all, had the best of the bowl games as Southern California outrebounded Wisconsin 42-37. This time the score may be closer to 4-3, give or take a fumble, as the Big Six and Big Ten send two entirely different teams—different from last year's but, unfortunately, not different from each other—into the oldest of all post-season games. Washington, the West Coast representative, and Illinois, from

the Big Ten, are both coached by disciples of Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson—which is to say they are conservative. Washington's Jim Owens, who played for Wilkinson, would sooner swallow the ball than order it thrown. And Pete Elliott of Illinois, who coached under Bud, is a chip off the same block and tackle.

During the season Washington was an infuriating team even for the home folks. Admittedly, its best player, Fullback Junior Coffey, was out for several games with a preseason injury, but that hardly explained the team's first three games—all losses. Owens had not been 0-3 since the last time he played baseball, and gloom hung heavy over Puget Sound. But then the Huskies won a couple, got Coffey back and won three more, including the big one—22-7 over USC. If Washington suddenly seemed the power it was supposed to be, just as suddenly it again became a powder puff—it lost to woefully weak UCLA. Only victory in its last game over old rival Washington State clinched the Rose Bowl berth.

"This team," says Owens, "lacked stability all year." And how. Washington fumbled 40 times in 10 games and lost the ball 21 of those times. The Hus-



kies drew penalties at roughly the same rate, nearly 60 yards per game. "But," says Owens, "there were moments when we were very good and did some things better than our previous teams."

Washington was most effective when running opponents into the ground, with perhaps the best 1-2 fullback punch in the land: Coffey, a 6-foot-1, 205-pound speedster, and the 6-foot, 197-pound Charlie Browning, who was second-team All-Pacific Coast. Offensively, the Huskies had the best rushing defense on the Coast, and a vicious tackling secondary, led by Linebacker Rick Redman, which yielded short gains but never permitted long ones. Indeed, a linebacking duel between Redman and Illinois' own All-America, Dick Butkus, who is 24 pounds heavier and four inches taller, may prove to be the most fascinating thing about this Rose Bowl game. Coach Elliott takes such pride in Butkus and his line defense that he bribes his deep defenders with gold stars for each intercepted pass. The theory is that if a team suffers enough interceptions, it will revert to smashes at the line. It works fine. Halfback Mike Dundy now wears seven stars pasted to his helmet, and Butkus personally made 144 tackles this season while causing seven fumbles.

When the time comes for Illinois' offense, the attack is inside power and outside sweeps supplied by two fine sophomores, Sam Price and Jim Grabowski. Like Washington, Illinois was at times awfully sloppy and unimaginative, but it won when it was expected to lose. The outcome should be decided by Washington, a far better team now than its 6-4 record indicates. The Huskies' lighter but more agile line will be difficult for Illinois to block or get around. Junior Coffey poses more of an all-the-way threat than anyone the Illini have, and Washington Quarterback Bill Ouglas can throw a spiral if it comes to that. Washington should win in a mild upset.

THE SUGAR BOWL

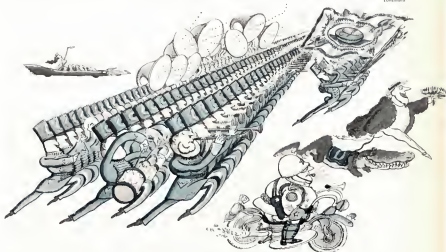
A lot of teams never play each other in the overburdened 12-team Southeastern Conference. For 19 years the closest that two of the best of them, Alabama and Mississippi, have come to meeting has been in the newspapers. Now, happily, all is coming to a head. Beginning in 1965, Alabama's Bear Bryant and Ole Miss's Johnny Vaught, two of the country's three winningest coaches, are taking out after each other. But New Orleans has arranged a sneak preview, and

Sugar Bowl sponsors were so eager to consummate the meeting that they did not care what happened in Ole Miss's final game, or in Alabama's last two, or what worthy teams—Memphis State or Pittsburgh, to name just two—were overlooked. Still, because of the natural rivalry between the two schools and coaches, they wound up with a real ball game.

The regular season schedules of both teams would not frighten the ordinary sandlot club in any given year, but one must never be misled by that. Alabama and Ole Miss are among the fine football dynasties of the U.S., and each is likely to flatten any opponent it meets. True, Mississippi was tied twice in 1963, and Alabama lost twice—the most games a Bryant-coached Alabama team has lost since 1958. Will failure spoil rock-hard Alabama?

Permanently, no, but on Jan. 1, yes. And the reason is Ole Miss, which has its usual legion of 6-foot-2, 220-pound, fast, talented natives, once described by a scout as "the finest looking group of athletes in the country each year." Two of them are splendid quarterbacks, senior Perry Lee Dunn and junior Jim Weatherly, who run hard, throw long passes and play defense. Up front there are Center Kenny Dill, Tackle Whaley

continued



Hull and End Allen Brown, each an accomplished athlete.

Alabama, by contrast, has all kinds of problems. Joe Namath, one of the nation's most gifted quarterbacks, has been booted off the squad until next season for a training violation. This promotes Jack Hurlbut, who has seen little service. And Bryant can never be certain whether his very good but often injured fullback, Mike Fracchia, will be able to play or, if he does, how long and how effectively. Alabama's offensive burden thus falls heavily on Halfback Benny Nelson, a shifty and fast operator who is referred to as one of Bryant's "sweethearts." This means that he plays at 100% efficiency, but he is not as effective as the more gifted Namaths or Fracchias or, worse luck, Ole Miss's winning Rebels.

THE GATOR BOWL

For rich suspense there was no better team in 1963 than Coach Ben Martin's Air Force Falcons. Almost everything that happened to the Falcons happened late. It was late when Quarterback Terry Isaacson passed the Air Force to upset victories over Washington (10-7), a Rose Bowl team, and Nebraska (17-13), an Orange Bowl team. It was late when Army came back to beat the

Falcons 14-10, and it was very late—the last play—when Maryland defeated Air Force 21-14. Such things combined to make Air Force both exciting and attractive for the Gator Bowl game on Dec. 28 against North Carolina.

The most glamorous aspect of events in Jacksonville, however, will be the individual quarterback duel between Isaacson and North Carolina's Junior Edge. Both quarterbacks prefer to use the roll-out pass-run option. Edge will have more backfield help in the persons of pro-type Running Backs Ken Willard (6-2, 220) and Eddie Kesler (6-0, 215). Willard gained 648 yards during the year. Isaacson, without very much help, represents more than half of Air Force's total offense. Both teams have fine receivers but, again, North Carolina has an End Bob Lacey perhaps the best of the lot.

The Tar Heels, too, know how to create some suspense of their own. Needing a victory over Duke in their final game to share the Atlantic Coast title, Coach Jim Hickey's team discovered itself trailing 14-13 with only 1:23 to play and the ball on its own 28. Edge went to work. With flare passes and options to the sidelines, North Carolina kept the clock in check, gained ground and finally kicked a winning field goal. But despite all of

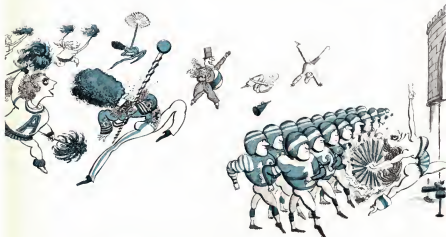
this, the Air Force seems to have come through a tougher schedule, displayed more quickness along the line and survived more crises. Hence—the Falcons in a thriller.

THE BLUEBONNET BOWL

Baylor's Don Trull was the nation's leading passer in 1963, and its Lawrence Elkins was the leading receiver. The question in Houston is whether the two can play keep-away from LSU's hard-scrabble defenders.

Coach John Bridgers' team will certainly try. As Arkansas' Frank Broyles put it during the season, "Baylor is running more offense and running it better than any team in the country." Beautifully guided by Trull, it is unlikely that any other college team ever has employed such a pure pro approach to offense (or sustained so much confidence in offense) as Baylor. With a pretty quick defense to go with the passes, it won seven games and was 6-1 in the Southwest Conference, losing only to National Champion Texas 7-0.

LSU's season record was identical to Baylor's (7-3), but the Tigers got there by different methods, most of them involving a limp. At various critical interludes, LSU lost its first-team quarter-



back, its fullback and center and its second-team guards, some of them concurrently. Still, the Tigers go to Houston with an explosive running game that features sophomores Don Schwab and Joe Labruzzo and junior Danny LeBlanc and Coach Charles McClendon's tough defense that has beaten two other fine quarterbacks, Miami's George Mira and Georgia Tech's Billy Lothridge. LSU has not, however, met a combination of the likes of Trull and Elkins. The guess is that the Tigers will not be able to bat down enough Baylor passes on Dec. 21 to win.

THE SUN BOWL

The Sun Bowl in El Paso, Texas, which is only a drop kick from Juarez, Mexico, has a new 30,000-seat stadium and a yearning to get on national television. To raise its prestige, the sponsors this year were determined to line up known teams from major college ranks, regardless of their won-lost records or the absence of name performers. They managed to do exactly that, matching Southern Methodist, which did not win many games (4-6), against Oregon (7-3), which must play without its brilliant halfback, Mel Renfro, who would have missed the game because of injury

had he not also signed a professional contract. But for all of that the game on Dec. 31 could be a good one. Mac White of SMU and Bob Berry of the Webfoots are quarterbacks who enjoy rolling out and running or passing with great abandon. SMU, despite its six losses, still managed to be good enough to defeat Navy, the Cotton Bowl team, 32-28, and Air Force, the Gator Bowl team, 10-0, on a couple of hot Saturdays. The Mustangs of young Coach Hayden Fry are wonderfully aggressive, exploit the intricacies of the I formation and are likely to be more inspired for the game than Oregon. That, plus Renfro's loss, should give SMU the necessary edge.

THE LIBERTY BOWL

For a team that has long dwelt among the have-nots of recruiting, Mississippi State had quite a year. The Maroons finished 6-2-2, missed the Southeastern Conference championship by three points, tied Ole Miss in their blood game and got through the rest of their "November nightmare" by upsetting LSU 7-6, and Auburn 13-10 and losing a close one to Alabama 19-20. As reward, Paul Davis was the SEC's Coach of the Year and Mississippi State won a chance

to go to the Liberty Bowl, which has survived for one more year. It should celebrate by defeating North Carolina State, co-champion of the Atlantic Coast Conference, on Dec. 21.

Mississippi State's prime assets are Hoyte Granger (pronounced Gron-jay), a 215-pound sophomore fullback who gained 481 yards; Linebackers Pat Watson, a 60-minute man who was called the best Maroon all-round performer since Quarterback Jackie Parker, and J. E. Loiacano; fast Halfback Ode Burrell; and Place-kicker Justin Canale, whose foot tied or beat four teams. More important than anything, Coach Davis insists, is the fact that "this team never had a letdown all season."

Offensively North Carolina State will resemble closely its opponent, with a wing T and slot T attack, hoping to move on the ground rather than in the air. It is a senior team, and therein lies its strength. Quarterback Jim Rossi heads a backfield that has played together for four years and includes Joe Scarpati, Tony Koszarsky and Pete Falzarano, a foursome sometimes referred to, in all good humor as "the Mafia." Even if they take their violin cases to Philadelphia, the Polish-tainted Mafia will not beat Mississippi State. **END**





One could see that President Clarence Campbell of the National Hockey League had been giving the subject considerable thought. "Hockey," he announced recently, "has become progressively less vicious over the years." Campbell's mouth was hardly shut before his two best teams, to the delight of 14,325 fans in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, piled into each other in the most violent fight the NHL has enjoyed in 10 years. The date, fittingly enough, was December 7. By the time an armistice was declared—neither the Leafs nor the Chicago Black Hawks ever considered surrender—125 minutes in penalties and \$875 in fines had been assessed. Except for a recent rule that says players can no longer be assessed penalty minutes for leaving the bench to get into a fight (instead they must pay \$25 fines), the league record of 184 minutes for one period (Leafs vs. Canadiens, 1953) would have been not only eradicated but humiliated. The more recent bit of roughhousing, someone figured out, would have equaled 345 penalty minutes in 1953.

Such is progress, and if anybody really thinks that violence is going out of fash-

ion in the NHL, he has been missing a large number of games. Rough play has, in fact, begun to emerge as a formula for hockey victory.

This year the roughest, toughest team in hockey, the Black Hawks, is also the best team in hockey, a runaway cinch for the championship before the season is half over. Intimidation is not the entire story. The Hawks skate as well as anyone else, shoot and defend better, but their roughness is a valuable adjunct. Although he used to be an enemy, the former president of the Maple Leafs, Conn Smythe, gave the Hawks some words to live by. "You can't lek 'em on the ice," said Smythe, "if you can't lek 'em in the alley."

For several years the NHL has been behaving as if the entire schedule was being played in an alley with only the survivor eligible for a prize. In the last four seasons there has been a direct correlation between the number of penalty minutes amassed by a team and its final position in the standings. Over that period all but two of the 12 teams to finish 1-2-3 in the league also ranked 1-2-3 in penalties.

The two exceptions were the Canadi-

ans of 1959-60, who skated so fast and shot so well that they managed to finish first although they were only fifth in penalty minutes, and last year's Detroit Red Wings, who were able to present a unique excuse for their fourth-place finish despite an impressive penalty total of 964 minutes. The Red Wings cheated. One man, Howie Young, accounted for 273 of the penalty minutes. As everyone knows, winning hockey is a team effort.

"If a scientist were handling this research," said one official, "he would discard Young's total as an abnormality." By deducting Young's penalties from the team total, it was discovered that Detroit finished fourth, exactly matching its position in the standings.

The National Hockey League is not particularly proud of statistics such as these and, as a result, the Maple Leafs had some even more recent words of Clarence Campbell in mind when they skated onto their home ice last week, four days after the big fight, as chastened and meek as teddy bears. Their opponents were the Red Wings, who had not won a single road game all year. Result: Red Wings 3, Teddy Bears 1. Virtue is its own reward.



NOW IT'S ALLEY FIGHTS ON THE ICE

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

The epic brawl between the Black Hawks and the Maple Leafs (at left) emphasizes the emergence of rough play as a new formula for hockey victory

It is unlikely that the chastened mood will long infect the Maple Leafs or any other team in the NHL, however. Despite their burly appearance, most hockey players are inward-looking men whose vision seldom extends beyond the ice they play on. There, despite the admonishments of the reformers, they see the success of the Black Hawks with their bone-jarring play. They see opponents, who should be watching out for pukes, watching out for flying elbows and sick handles instead. They see the rough clubs coming on strong in the third period while opponents lick their wounds. They see hockey as a jarring contact game, and what they see is what they play. If a seat in the penalty box is the price of transgression, they know that they will not sit alone.

Certainly hockey can never cleanse itself simply by announcing that it is cleaner. Two years ago Canada's Senator Hartland de M. Molsen, president of the Canadiens, added his voice to those calling for stricter enforcement of the rules against roughness. "I have some feelings of genuine concern about the future of hockey," he wrote in a letter to Campbell. "I believe that every

club can cite instances where a player has been deliberately injured." Andy Bathgate of the Rangers said it even better: "If this keeps on, one of these days someone's going to lose his eye or get killed." His words were prompted by a gush over his eye and by the memory of 1956 when teammate Red Sullivan was speared so severely that he was given the last rites.

The referees blow more whistles today than ever before—with an average of 29 penalty minutes per team per game, the 1963-64 season is well ahead of the 1955-56 modern record of 26.1—yet still the roughness persists. On November 7 two Canadians—Gilles Tremblay and Billy Hicke—were hospitalized as the result of rough play by the Black Hawks. Tremblay, hit by an elbow, was operated on for a broken cheekbone. Hicke was laid up with a concussion and a dozen stitches in his forehead after Bobby Hull, the league's leading scorer, got through with him.

Three weeks later two Leafs plowed into John McKenzie of the Hawks, who subsequently had to be operated on for removal of a ruptured spleen. And nine days later Rangers Rod Gilbert and

Earl Ingarfield went to a hospital during a game with the Bruins.

It is not always safe even in the stands. When the Hawks and Leafs played in Chicago on November 17 a fight spread from the ice to the crowd and a woman spectator found herself in the neighborhood of two male spectators with a difference of opinion. One swung, one ducked—and the lady got clipped in the jaw.

Other countries, exposed to the Canadian-American style of hockey during the Olympic Games, have long insisted that brutality is not necessarily an integral part of the sport, and no better example exists than Ulf Stenier. Stenier is the young Swede who, as an apprentice with the Rangers last fall, was one of the first Europeans ever to play with the NHL. Later Stenier returned to Sweden to resume his amateur status as an Olympian, hopeful, "I'm going to play rougher from now on," he announced, and from then on spent most of his time in the penalty box, eventually emerging to clobber a fan with his stick. Now he may spend a year in a Swedish jail. Who knows, a few court cases could yet save the NHL.

END



SPORT IN THE ORIENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID MOORE

IN THE LUSH RAIN FOREST OF SOUTHEAST ASIA A LAOTIAN HUNTER SIGHTS DOWN THE BARREL OF HIS HOMEMADE FOWLING PIECE; OUTSIDE THE RUSSIAN-BUILT STADIUM IN JAKARTA A GRACEFUL INDONESIAN GIRL (NEXT PAGE) DANCES OVER THE LOW BARRIERS OF A TRACK AND FIELD TRAINING COURSE; AT KUALA LUMPUR THE PRIME MINISTER OF MALAYSIA TAKES TIME OUT FROM THE BURDEN OF FORMING A NEW NATION TO PLAY A ROUND OF GOLF; AND IN TOKYO, CONSTRUCTION OF OLYMPIC FACILITIES PROCEEDS APACE FOR THE OCTOBER 10 OPENING OF THE 1964 SUMMER GAMES. THROUGHOUT THE VAST AND VARIED LANDS OF THE ORIENT, THE SPORTS OF THE EAST—AND WEST—ARE PROVOKING A SURGE OF POPULAR INTEREST THAT IS ONE OF THE MORE SPECTACULAR CULTURAL DEVELOPMENTS OF OUR TIME. THE FOLLOWING PAGES CONTAIN A RICH SAMPLING OF THIS ENTHUSIASM—AN ENTHUSIASM THAT POINTS THE WAY TO A TIME WHEN THERE WILL BE NO EAST OR WEST BUT, IN SPORT AT LEAST, ONE WORLD.



AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF JAKARTA'S MASSIVE (102,000 CAPACITY) SOVIET-FINANCED STADIUM,



GIRL OF THE INDOONESIAN BROAD-JUMP TEAM EXERCISES ALONG THE EDGE OF A PRACTICE FIELD



WITH THE HEAD WRAPPING AND FIERCE GRIN OF A 19TH CENTURY PIRATE, A FILIPINO BIRD HANDLER



INSPECTS TWO FIGHTING COCKS BEFORE THEY ARE RELEASED FOR BATTLE AT A PIT NEAR MANILA



FRAMED BY THE JAPANESE-PRINT LOVELINESS OF GRAY ROCK, A FISHERMAN CASTING IN THE



YOZAWAGAWA RIVER GIVES HIS OWN MEANING TO THE ORIENTAL IDEAL OF HARMONY WITH NATURE



DAGGERS CROSSED BENEATH TOWERS OF THE TEMPLE OF DAWN IN BANGKOK, TWO THAI SPORTSMEN



PRACTICE ANCIENT PANTOMIME OF BATTLE, WHICH SURVIVES AS AN ADJUNCT TO CLASSICAL DANCE



CREWMEN OF HONG KONG'S 100-FOOT DRAGON BOATS THRASH UP A FURIOUS SPRAY WITH THEIR



PADDLES AS THEY RACE PAST JUNKS AT THE CLIMAX OF THE 2,000-YEAR-OLD DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL





A UNION OF TWO WORLDS

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN, EDWIN D. REISCHAUER, IS A RARE MIXTURE OF AUTHOR, DIPLOMAT, POLITICAL SCIENTIST AND ORIENTAL SCHOLAR. HERE HE COMMENTS ON THE DIVERSE INFLUENCES IN EASTERN AND WESTERN SPORT THAT WILL COALESCE EARLY NEXT FALL WHEN THE OLYMPIC GAMES GET UNDER WAY IN TOKYO

300-POUND SUMO CHAMPION TAIHO STRIKES A RITUAL POSE AT BEGINNING OF TOURNAMENT

When the modern Olympic Games were started in Athens in 1896, few people could have imagined that they would ever be held anywhere except in the Occident. The various sports on the Olympic roster and the whole concept of international athletic competition were virtually a Western monopoly, and most non-Westerners were content to let them remain so. The Occidentals' bizarre love of swatting, kicking, throwing or carrying around balls of varying sizes and shapes or for racing in circles, jumping over self-erected barriers or throwing a variety of objects at nothing in particular seemed one of the more mystifying and obviously less useful aspects of the inscrutable civilization of the West.

The various sports of the Olympic Games were indeed Western inventions, born of the Greek belief that the development of man's body went hand in hand with the perfection of his mind and spirit, fostered by the Britons' less articulate love of the outdoor life and physical competition and brought to new flower by the upsurge of organized sports in the 19th century West. The very concept of international athletic competition, too, was an outgrowth of the peculiar Western society of nations. The specialized products of a distinctive culture, these sports seemed less capable of crossing cultural lines than the more utilitarian aspects of modern Western civilization, such as gunboats and spinning machines. The people of the East lacked the Greek attitude toward the cultivation of the body. Some shared with the Chinese mandarins their contempt for physical exertion as the sad lot of the poor and the ignorant. Unnecessary physical effort, especially by men of education and breeding, seemed to them an unbecoming frivolity, if not sheer madness.

Despite this infertile soil, the sports of the West and the concept of international competition have swept the world since 1896, not infrequently outpacing both the spinning machine and the gunboat. Now a mere 68 years after their inception, the Olympic Games are for the first time moving out of the Western world, to Tokyo at the farthest corner of the vast Asian continent. Moreover, these first non-Western Olympics have a special meaning for hundreds of millions of people in Asia.

One naturally wonders how this could be so. Why have this alien concept and these alien sports taken such firm root in the Orient? Part of the answer probably lies in the long tradition of sport in the Orient. It is true that Asia lacked the exact Greek concept of athletic competition, but that does not mean that it did not have its own old traditions which, for all their distinctiveness, paralleled the Western sporting tradition and thus served as a firm underpinning for the sudden upsurge in the Orient of the Western sport forms.

Eastern philosophizing about physical exercise differed from that of the Greeks, but behind them both

continued

probably lay a common instinct for sports, which is their true origin. In part, this instinct seems to derive from man's addiction to the hunting and fighting life. Many sports in both the Occident and the Orient are merely the nonutilitarian and somewhat stylized continuation of the closely related arts of war and the chase.

The Buddhist prohibition against the taking of any form of life has inhibited hunting in many Asian countries. Nonetheless, falconry has at various times been a princely sport all the way from the Middle East to Japan. So also has big-game hunting in locales where game was available, the economy could support such frivolities and there was a ruling class of military men. The tiger-hunting princes of India and the wild-boar-hunting feudal warriors of medieval Japan are notable examples.

The martial arts have been even more pervasive. At much the same time as the original Olympic Games, the ancient Chinese engaged in fencing, archery, equestrian arts, wrestling, swimming and weight-throwing competitions. The equestrian and wrestling contests of the Mongols are still famous. Thai boxing, in which the kick is as highly regarded as the punch, has its obvious value as an art of self-defense.

Polo, too, may well have grown out of the martial arts. Although the modern sport was developed by the British, something like Polo was popular at the Tang court of China between the seventh and ninth centuries, leaving behind it a delicate trail of poetry figures of plump court beauties mounted on magnificent steeds and gaily swinging their polo mallets. One wonders what kind of game they played and just what a contemporary European might have thought of this type of feminine athletic prowess.

Some of the Japanese martial arts have become well known in the West in recent years. Kendo, or Japanese sword fighting, in which a two-handed bamboo sword and a handsome helmet and body armor are used, was for a while under a cloud in postwar Japan for having been too closely associated with prewar militarism, but it is once again in favor and is drawing an increasing number of Western devotees. Even the feudal equestrian skills with the bow or lance have survived as sport in Japan today, and archery on two legs is very much alive.

The most popular of the Japanese martial arts, however, is judo. It and its sister skills of karate and aikido are related to the older, less differentiated art of *jujutsu* (usually pronounced and spelled *jyujitsu*). Judo specializes in throwing and mat techniques; karate in hand blows and kicking; aikido in locks and attacking of vital points. Jujutsu techniques have won recognition from police departments and commando units all over the world as the most utilitarian of the many arts of self-defense. And judo will emerge at the 1964 Olympics

as one of the few Oriental sports to win a place on the roster. It certainly deserves this distinction because of the international popularity it has already won. The Japanese are naturally pleased by the global enthusiasm for judo, but not one of its by-products, the winning of the world judo championship in 1961 by a massive Dutchman named Geesink.

Another primitive source of sport, common to both the East and West, is what might be called folk activities, that is, village or group diversions. Two examples are the tug-of-war held between village groups and the large intercommunity canoe race popular in some parts of South Asia. *Sepak raga* (sometimes called *sakraw* or *sipa*), a type of kick ball popular in the Philippines, Thailand and Malaya, is being sponsored as an international sport by its devotees. In this game a rattan ball is kept aloft by feet, head and shoulders and passed either around a circle or across a net. Bullfighting, in which bull is pitted against bull, is popular in rural areas in Thailand and Japan, and cockfights are common throughout the Philippines. Kite flying, which is engaged in by adults as well as children, is popular throughout the Far East.

Many of these folk activities have, or at one time had, religious overtones, being associated with various types of religious festivals. An example of this in Japan is the boisterous annual outing of the local Shinto divinity, who is carried around in a small portable shrine mounted on a crosshatch of poles, borne by the young men of the community. The shrine-bearers are well lubricated by ample portions of sake, and in the old days, if the ends of carrying poles somehow stove in the gate of an unpopular resident, who could object, since the deity being taken for the outing was directing the course he took?

The star sport that has emerged from community religious festivities is sumo, or Japanese wrestling. Originally a contest between local stalwarts at shrine festivals, it developed three centuries ago into a well-organized professional sport in which human behemoths sought to toss their adversaries to the ground or out of the ring. The current crop of sumo stars, though not surpassing 6 feet 2 inches in height, run in weight from 200 to 323 pounds. A somewhat fossilized traditional sport until a few years ago, sumo took a new lease on life with the advent of television, for here was a sport simple enough for the camera to follow but spectacular enough to interest the viewer. The names of sumo champions, known only to the initiates a few years back, are on every schoolboy's lips today, and even foreign visitors to Japan soon acquire a remarkable knowledge, not only of the sumo champions' names, but of their standings and particular skills. Perhaps one reason for sumo's rising popularity, wholly aside from its appeal as TV fare, is that it lends itself to the statistical analyses

so dear to the hearts of Japanese as well as American sports fans. There are ranking lists, lifetime records of wrestler A against wrestler B, and the like.

The sources of Oriental sports are much like those of the West, and in some areas even the philosophy that went along with them had points of similarity. The Greek ideal was the perfection of the body as well as the mind and spirit. In the Far East the concept was that physical control over the body was a means to perfecting the spirit. Archery, for example, was not too different from the tea ceremony or the composing of poetry in that all three were primarily disciplines aimed at perfecting the unified man and not just one element of the Western triad of body, mind and spirit. In Japan the drawing of the bow and the taking of aim were both secondary to establishing control over the belly—that is, over the emotions. If this were done with success, who cared what happened to the arrow? In any case, it had little choice but to score a bull's-eye if the hand that guided it was controlled by a thoroughly mastered belly.

This particular philosophic bent has led Asian sports off into some curious directions that hold little promise from the point of view of the Olympic Games. Chinese boxing, however exciting the name, turns out in the flesh to be a cross between calisthenics and the dance. The "boxer," sometimes performing alone, goes through a series of grave postures. All this undoubtedly develops his grace and hopefully strengthens his control over his emotions, but it bears less resemblance to Western sports than does the Chinese theater, which contains a generous share of sword-wielding and balancing acts.

All Japanese sports carry a trailing aura of the distinctive Oriental philosophy of the cultivation of the spirit through control of the body. For example, devotees of the martial arts make a special point of holding vigorous practices on the hottest days of summer and the coldest days of winter. This attitude also may help account for the bowing and other rituals that surround judo and other Japanese sports. It also has contributed to judo's particular philosophy of letting the untrained destroy themselves through their own strength. Judo literally means "the way of gentleness," and one of its basic concepts is that through perfect self-control, which starts, of course, with spiritual self-control, the well-composed man can use the uncontrolled vigor of his opponent's attack as the force for his downfall. And actually this is the way it works. Perhaps one result of the emphasis on spiritual training in Japanese sports is the relatively advanced age of their champions. The strongest judo men are generally nearing their 30s, and kendo experts rarely reach the top before 35.

The Oriental philosophy of sports has produced a somewhat distinctive sporting personality. At least this is true of the adherents of the traditional sports in

Japan. They are neither the diamond-in-the-rough athletes of America nor the tweed coat, flannel-pants sportsmen of England. The Japanese judo master tends to be a grave, refined-looking gentleman, suggesting a philosopher-poet more than a Greek discus thrower, let alone a Western wrestler. Some of the gravity and seriousness, if not the poetry and philosophy, seem to linger on even with Japanese enthusiasts of the Western sports.

The Orient thus has its own ample sporting traditions, but the major explanation of the vast popularity of Western sports throughout Asia today and thus the chief reasons why the Olympic Games are being held in Tokyo is that they are "modern." True, the spark of the idea came from ancient Greece, but modern sports and the modern Olympic Games are nonetheless basically phenomena of contemporary society. Their mass participation, intricate organization and vast geographic and transcultural scale were quite inconceivable before recent times. By comparison, the Greek Olympics were geographically narrow, culture-bound, pickup affairs, more akin to the attendant festivities at a statewide club gathering. And, significantly, in the more than two millennia between the time of the original Olympics and the 19th century, sports as we know them today did not exist anywhere in the world.

Modern sports are clearly the product of our modern society and have in turn helped to shape it. They are intimately connected with the development of the nation-state, in which the whole citizenry, not just a noble ruling élite, make up the state and, if possible, participate in its political as well as its athletic life. Modern sports have been an important part of the growth of our contemporary mass culture. They have been closely linked with the spread of universal education, forming the physical side of the curriculum and a major extracurricular activity.

The development of sports in modern times has also gone hand in hand with the development of technology and industrialization, in that the latter produced the affluence and leisure that made sports, particularly the highly organized ones, a much larger component of culture than they have ever been before. And probably science led to the worldwide emphasis on body-building for the sake of health and as a contribution to the full life. The result has been the growing acceptance throughout the world of the old Greek ideal of physical culture for its own sake and not just as a means of fostering the growth of the spirit, though the two concepts are not necessarily inconsistent and probably tend to merge in the minds of many Orientals.

Sports have also helped inculcate attitudes that are basic to the operation of modern society as it has moved from the old aristocratic forms of organization toward the new egalitarianism and democracy. On the sporting

continued

field all meet as equals. The man who calls the signals does so because of special skills, not because of birth. Teamwork cannot be subordinated to social distinctions. Opponents must be given an equal chance.

The international aspect of the Olympic Games is perhaps their most important modern feature. The ancient Greeks did not invite the Romans, much less the Persians, to participate in their games. And the idea of Englishmen holding games with Spaniards and Frenchmen in early modern times is fanciful enough, let alone the suggestion that medieval Europeans might have proposed to the retreating Moors or Mongols that they come back four years later for a soccer match. As Baron de Coubertin realized in 1892, international sports are an important part of the development of a modern international society of nations. The Olympic Games he started four years later were in a very real sense a precursor of the United Nations.

Some of the characteristics of modern sports have even greater significance for the Orient than for the Occident. Lacking even the sort of international society that premodern Europe possessed and much more deeply divided by geography, language and culture, the East stands in particular need of the unifying force of international sports. Perhaps sensing this need, the peoples of the East have shown an extraordinary enthusiasm for international meets. One expression of this has been the Asian Games, which have been held four times since the war.

In Asia, moreover, there are even greater cleavages of class and religious community to be overcome than in the West, and, in addition, there are concepts of saving face and other old attitudes that stand in the way of modernization. The very newness of the Western sports has made them particularly helpful in the process. Since they themselves are a break with tradition, those who participate in them find it easier to overcome traditional attitudes. The process bears out the validity of the ancient Chinese concept of learning by doing rather than by reasoning. Acting out equality on the playing field probably does more to make people feel equal than all the philosophizing about the virtues of equality. The growing number of women who participate in sports is a cause as well as a symbol of a spectacular break with traditional Asian views that women should remain behind the scenes.

The peoples of the Orient may not have thought this all out clearly, but without doubt they have intuitively grasped the importance of sports in modern society. After their early shocked disbelief at the Englishman's "madness," they began to perceive that this was an integral part of national strength, a necessary element in the new society that they must build if the ancient countries of the East were to survive the military and economic en-

croachments of the lands of the Occident and win equality with them.

Western sports were introduced to the Orient in a variety of ways. In colonial lands they crept in through imitation of the European rulers and through the school systems they built. The result has been, for example, an English east of sports—cricket, Rugby and the like—in such former British colonies as India and Malaysia.

In Japan, where there never were colonial rulers, Western sports seeped in in greater variety and in a more haphazard fashion. An Etonian scholar, with lifeboats bought from a whaler visiting Japan, instructed Tokyo University students in crew. An American professor introduced ice skating in Hokkaido by attaching blades to *geta*, the Japanese wooden clogs. An English clergyman instructed the Japanese in the intricacies of field hockey. French military officers brought modern equestrian techniques when they came to train the new Japanese conscript army. An Austrian army major introduced skiing. A Japanese student in Germany brought back handball. Another student in France brought back fencing. Boxing, wrestling, basketball, cycling and gymnastics were introduced by Japanese students studying in the U.S. Tennis was one of the first Western sports to win wide popularity and developed an interesting variant, common to Japan, Korea and Taiwan, in which a very soft rubber ball is substituted for the regular one. The advantage of this game is that the ball cannot be hit far enough to be lost and almost never wears out. Baseball was introduced by American teachers, and in time inundated the land completely.

The connection between modern society and sport may not be convincing to the Occidental, but to most Orientals it is self-evident. Modern sports are an excellent measure of the whole historical process of modernization in Asia. If one were to assemble statistics on participation in modern sports, land by land and province by province throughout Asia, they would probably correlate very well with statistics on literacy, standards of living, industrialization and so on. It seems no mere accident that Japan, the first Asian country to host a modern Olympiad, was also the first to develop the other attributes of a modern society—literacy, industrialization and all the rest. Tokyo is no accidental choice for the first non-Western site for the Olympics.

To Westerners, national prowess in sports is something to be proud of for itself, like beautiful scenery, good cooking or outstanding symphony orchestras. In the Orient, distinction in sports is a symbol of progress in the modern world. Only when one realizes this can one understand what each point in the unofficial Olympic tabulation means to Oriental nations and what is the true significance of the Tokyo Olympics.

END



From top to bottom: Blackberry Flavored Brandy On-the-Rocks; Anisette; Creme de Menthe On-the-Rocks; Creme de Cacao.

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LIVING LINK TO THE PEOPLE

TO THE STATESMEN OF ASIA, MASTERY OF THE GAMES OF THE WEST IS MORE THAN RELAXATION: IT IS A LINK TO THE PEOPLE. LIKE MANY YOUNG FILIPINOS, PRESIDENT DIOSDADO MACAPAGAL (LEFT) LEARNED TO PLAY POOL IN HIS BOYHOOD, STILL SHOOTS A MEAN STICK TODAY. IN JAPAN, CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO'S LIFETIME ADDICTION TO TENNIS LED TO ROMANCE WHEN HE MET HIS FUTURE WIFE MICHIKO ON THE TENNIS COURT AT A MOUNTAIN RESORT.



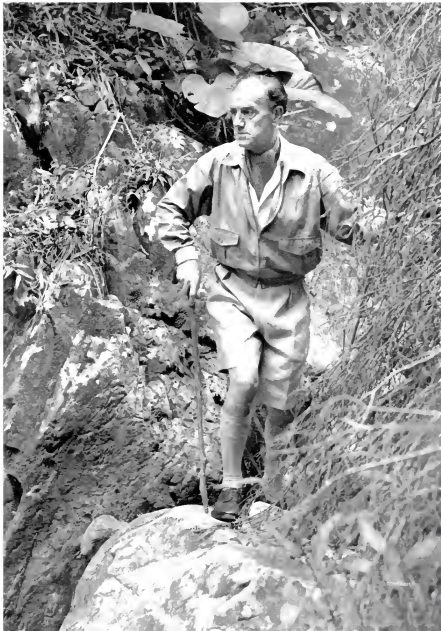
CONTINUED



MALAYSIA'S PRIME MINISTER TUNKU ABUL RAHMAN CARRIES ON EPIC STRUGGLE WITH GOLF BALLS. HE ALSO RACES THOROUGHBREDS, HEADS FOOTBALL CONFEDERATION.

SIR ROBERT BROWN BLACK, GOVERNOR OF HONG KONG, PERPETUATES BRITISH TRADITION OF KEEPING FIT—AND NATIVE CONCEPT OF ENGLISHMEN—BY HIKING AT MIDDAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE





HIGH SCORER WITH EITHER HAND

BY ALFRED WRIGHT

SUITED UP AND READY, SIHANOUK CHATS
WITH PRINCESS MONIQUE JUST BEFORE GAME

The benign gentleman enthroned at left in his basketball suit is Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia, who has been much in the news lately for his independent attitude toward American foreign policy. After canceling all financial and military aid from the U.S., he stretched out his right hand toward France for new help and even raised his left hand in a friendly wave toward Red China.

Then Sihanouk turned back with relish to an entirely different role, one in which he is neither so controversial nor so unpredictable: that of the highest-scoring basketball player in the world. Early this year the Prince set a new Cambodian record of 92 points in a single game. Most of the time, however, he scores only about 60 or 70 points. The Prince, it should be noted, is 41 years old, stands 5 feet 7 and is a bit on the plump side. He is also one of the jolliest, laughingest people in a country that easily leads all other nations on the face of the earth in annual laughs per person.

Prince Sihanouk is just as good at volleyball as he is at basketball. During the 1962-63 season he captained Cambodia's Palais Royal A team to the volleyball championship of the Corps Constitués et des Missions Étrangères, a league that meets once or twice a week on the grounds of the Prince's residence in Phnompenh. Among those who play on the other 11 teams in this extraordinary athletic league are the prime minister of Cambodia and most of his cabinet, a selection of the more agile ambassadors, several dozen members of the Cambodian parliament and any of the military brass who are currently ambulatory.

So far this year the palace A team is undefeated, but the league does not seem quite as strong as it did a year ago. The Czech ambassador and a very tall Russian doctor were both transferred home, thus taking much of the starch out of the Corps Diplomatique team; and the MAAG team, representing the U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group, at first appeared to be weaker because of the loss of a couple of tall colonels and the replacement of the commanding general by another general who has not yet proved himself on the courts. Now comes even more drastic damage to the quality of the competition: the entire MAAG team has to go home because of the Prince's announcement that he no longer welcomes U.S. military aid—even in the form of volleyball players.

continued

Although Prince Sihanouk lacks the reach to be a truly strong offensive volleyballer, he is a rock on defense, a powerful if somewhat unorthodox server and an inspirational captain. In Las Vegas the odds would have to be at least 5 to 1 that the palace team will again lead the league, even though the Prince, like Mickey Mantle, is not entirely sound. He has a sprained third finger on his right hand and must encase it in a leather sheath while playing.

Among all the heads of state in the world today, Prince Norodom Sihanouk is—or has been—the outstanding athlete, and he certainly is the most versatile. Besides his vigorous participation in basketball and volleyball, he water-skis and jockeys his sports car around the countryside with all the restraint of a Paris taxicab driver. He was an accomplished equestrian until an injury dismounted him several years ago. And he played a sound game of soccer until he began to feel he was getting a bit elderly for such violent exercise.

Though the Prince loves to play these various games and loves even more to win, there is a good deal more to his sporting life than just that. One evening last summer as Sihanouk was about to step onto the basketball court for a league match, he stopped to chat with an American visitor who, mouth ajar in wonderment, was attending an extraordinary sports soiree laid on by the Prince.

"We are getting very old for this," the Prince told the visitor in his slightly hesitant English. Then he gestured toward hundreds of Cambodian children and grownups who were gathering around the court in the late afternoon and added, "But it is a good example for them. It encourages them to play."

Dressed in well-cut blue trunks and matching shirt, with the royal crest sewed on the front, the Prince thereupon took up his position under the enemy basket. His opponents were the Administration Civile, the team of cabinet ministers, each of whom had qualified for the league by being at least 35 years old. A referee put the ball in play and the massacre began.

For reasons that can only be guessed at, Administration Civile did not guard the Prince as closely as game strategy and past performance might have dictated. Whenever the play moved downcourt, Sihanouk was left standing alone, watching his teammates anxiously, but every now and then throwing a smile to the spectators. The four other members of the palace team were accomplished ball hawks. They rarely had any trouble separating the ball from Administration Civile, and they had complete control of the backboards. Once they got their hands on the ball they lobbed it the length of the court to the Prince at his station beneath the basket. With a deft little right-handed jump shot he caromed the ball off the backboard

and neatly through the basket. It was a fine play, faultlessly executed, and it happened so often that the palace team scored 30 points or so before Administration Civile recorded its first basket.

Whenever Sihanouk scored, an enormous roar burst from the audience, which had now grown to several thousand standees and squatees. The Prince, who is all extrovert, would bathe everyone with his rich, warm grin, while swinging his arms self-consciously as if to say "Shucks, it wasn't that good." If he missed, which was seldom, a small frown like a dark cloud swept across his normally cheerful round face.

The final score of the match was 156-28 in favor of palace A, with the Prince scoring 72 of his team's points. A brass band on the sidelines started to play one of the slow, slightly mournful Cambodian songs, many of which Sihanouk himself has composed; and all the players of both teams bowed in deep reverence to the Prince, their hands joined in a prayerful clasp and their foreheads almost touching the ground, as if they were trying to roll peanuts with their noses. Sihanouk acknowledged their salute by clasping his own hands together and bowing reverently in return. Then he made the same gesture in all directions to the cheering, smiling crowd of spectators around the court. It was a touching moment of mutual affection and respect between an enlightened leader and his people.

The next item on the program that evening was a ladies' volleyball match on an adjoining court, for the Prince likes to see the women of his country as fit as the men. This contest featured Les Dames du Palais Royal against a pickup team of French women, most of them wives of French army officers. Sihanouk's wife, Princess Monique, who is half Cambodian and half Italian, led the palace ladies to their places, and their appearance on the court was one of the finest sights a man could see. Cambodians are extremely modest, so Princess Monique and her team were turned out in loose-fitting black silk slacks and red blouses. Yet nothing could conceal the grace and beauty of the ladies of the palace. Princess Monique is one of the prettiest women in all of Asia—or, in other words, the entire world. The French women, exquisitely coiffed, wore short shorts.

While the ladies were playing, Sihanouk sat in an armchair close by the court, shouting encouragement to his wife and her teammates. Since the palace team won the first set, and the Princess, despite a bandaged hand, was the best player on her side, the Prince had much to smile about. But as the game progressed, the French women started to get the hang of it, and their captain, a large and agile Belgian baroness, was soon too much for the competition. The palace ladies began to lose, the Prince grew increasingly unhappy and several times he publicly

corrected Princess Monique for the careless way she batted the ball. Like so many wives who think their husbands are talking poppycock, she pretended she did not hear what he was saying. As cool and languid as her husband is bouezy and exuberant, Princess Monique accepted her team's defeat gracefully. Whatever her feelings may have been at the moment, she let her husband do the family emoting.

After the Princess and her team stopped playing, other volleyball and basketball games continued simultaneously for hours. As it grew dark the courts were flooded; around 10 o'clock someone set up a small bar where sandwiches and beer and whisky and gin were sold. The snack peddlers one sees on all the streets of the Orient suddenly appeared with their barrows to dispense noodle soup and other Cambodian delicacies to the spectators. All the while the Prince wandered through the crowd, cracking jokes that put the people in stitches, but every so often he would regain his wife, sitting beside her on one of the chairs reserved for the palace company. Wherever he happened to be, you could always hear the chatter of his happy voice or the cackle of his infectious laughter as he played his role of the genial host.

As the evening wore on, the foreign dignitaries and their families began to steal glances at their watches. When the American Ambassador finally left, he explained that he had to make an appearance before a Boy Scout meeting, and some of the other foreigners looked as if they wished they had a similar excuse. Toward midnight, while a seemingly endless volleyball game was in progress between the French army officers and their Cambodian counterparts, the Prince trotted briskly over to his American visitor and said, with great consideration, "This game is very . . . er . . . very . . . er . . . very lasting. You must feel free to leave whenever you care to do so. I know you must be up early in the morning." Sihanouk speaks precise English, but it is quite obvious that his mind is translating from French to English as he talks.

On another day, in a formal statement, Prince Sihanouk explained what had prompted his frenetic addiction to sport and his insistence on sharing it with his subjects. "Sport," he said, "and more especially games in which opposing teams confront each other in friendly rivalry, serves to instill discipline into a nation's youth by teaching it the advantage to be derived from cooperating together to achieve a common objective. Sport also trains young men and women to control their emotions, promotes fellowship and improves physique and thus builds up strong bodies and fosters disciplined minds—qualities which are of inestimable value to a nation preparing to play a worthy part in the modern world."

It is toward this modern world that Sihanouk is trying to guide Cambodia, a nation that began only a few years

ago to make the long climb out of the Middle Ages.

Cambodia's first touch with the modern world came in 1863, when the ancient Khmer kingdom became a French protectorate, a colonial state bordered by what is now Vietnam on the east and Laos on the north. It remained this way for nearly 100 years, an exotic colony at the far corner of Southeast Asia. In 1941 Sihanouk's grandfather, King Sisowath Monivong, died, and the French overlords decided to pass over Sihanouk's father in the line of succession. Instead, the Prince himself, then only 18, was installed as ruler by the Vichy government of Marshal Petain, which no doubt hoped to have under its control a pliable youth who would give no trouble at a time when France was sufficiently harassed by her heavy misfortunes in Europe.

Until the end of World War II nothing of consequence happened to either Cambodia or Sihanouk, since the country was somewhat removed from the main currents of the struggle in the Far East.

However, when the war ended, and the great movement for independence swept across Southeast Asia, young Sihanouk was at the forefront of his nation's cry for independence from the French. During the difficult years that followed, when the Communist Viet Minh kept most of Indochina in turmoil, Sihanouk took to the field with the tough Cambodian troops and led the drive that expelled the Viet Minh from his soil. The job was done so well that when the French finally guaranteed independence to all the three states of Indochina in the Geneva Agreement of 1954, Cambodia was the only one that did not have to be partitioned between Communist and uncommitted governments.

Nonetheless, the politics of Cambodia, under the constitution it adopted in 1947, were in constant upsurge. The squabbles of innumerable political parties made a farce of self-government. It was at this point that Sihanouk, then 32, abdicated the throne—though maintaining in name at least the royal title of Prince—in favor of his father, so as to take a more active part in his nation's day-to-day politics. He helped found the Sangkum, a political party that swallowed up all the dissident groups and brought some unity to the country's internal chaos. For himself, Sihanouk set up a position he called *Chef de l'Etat*, a kind of paternalistic function which carries no particular constitutional authority but synthesizes within itself the royal prestige and the power of party leadership. In Western terms, he was the boss. Everyone knew it, and practically everyone was glad.

Today, by any standards, Cambodia is a poor country. So far as is yet known, it is without such natural resources as coal or oil. Almost all of its 6 million inhabitants till the soil, growing rice in the paddy fields that are under water half the year. They also grow a little cotton and a little rubber and harvest a little lumber in

continued

the mountains along the coast of the Gulf of Siam. Modern public utilities are scarce and even in the capital city of Phnompenh, very few of the half million inhabitants have telephones. Transportation is mainly by bus over primitive roads or by bicycle or on foot. The country's greatest natural asset is its unfailing good humor. There are no better-natured people anywhere.

Good humor, however, is a very difficult asset to convert into strength and wealth. After he had been only a few years at the herculean task of modernizing his small nation, Sihanouk realized the country needed two things desperately: a feeling of unity and an aggressive spirit. So he turned to organized sport, which was as unfamiliar as champagne and Cadillacs to his agrarian subjects.

Until 1958, a mere five years ago, no Cambodian team of any kind had ever entered an international competition. That year, The Asia Foundation, a privately endowed group of Americans who try to sell the U.S. abroad, provided the money for a Cambodian basketball team to go to the Asian Games in Tokyo. Naturally, the team did poorly.

A year or so later, Sihanouk founded the *Commissariat du Sport*. Its purpose was to arouse interest in games like soccer and basketball and volleyball, games which could be played with a minimum investment in equipment by the children in Cambodia's growing public school system. But again the results were discouraging. At the 1961 South-East Asia Peninsular Games in Rangoon, only the Laotians, a people conspicuous for their lassitude, did worse than the Cambodians, who won but a single gold medal (in boxing). At that point, Sihanouk placed the sports program under the army, where a great deal of the nation's money and authority reposed.

All of a sudden, playing fields began to sprout across the Cambodian countryside like dandelions on a commuter's front lawn. The number of soccer fields and basketball courts quintupled. Volleyball courts increased tenfold. The Prince and his Palais Royal teams began appearing here, there and the other place, beating the stuffing out of all local opposition and thereby showing the young folks that even Monseigneur himself, as the Prince prefers to be known in his new role, enjoys team sports. The only trouble was, nobody knew how to play any of the games properly.

As if the Prince had waved a magic wand, skilled coaches suddenly began to appear from all over the world. The Chinese Communists sent basketball coaches. The Czechs sent instructors in *mouvement d'ensemble*. The Americans sent coaches for track and field, swimming and boxing. In the great struggle for the neutralist mind of Cambodia, sport became the friendly battleground. Even during the last few weeks, America's missionaries of sport remained as welcome as ever.

Among all the Tom Dooleys and Peace Corpsmen and other selfless Americans who have carried the flag of democracy abroad, none are more inspiring and devoted than the earnest little band of coaches who labor to make real athletes out of the untrained Cambodian youth. There is Bill Sorsby, a onetime University of Oregon sprinter and hurdler who gave up his job as track coach at the University of Idaho. There is Joe Foggy, a former Tennessee State football player who now teaches boxing. There is Phil Reavis, the Villanova high jumper who was on the 1956 Olympic team. There was Dr. Bernard Loft, a swimming coach from Indiana, who has since been spelled by another American.

All these men have beaten the tropical bushes of the Cambodian countryside, exposing their digestive systems to indescribable punishment while looking for the most talented young athletes of the nation. Once they have assembled their pupils in the training quarters at Phnompenh, they must act as parents, teachers, coaches and priests to teen-agers who speak not a word of English—and not much more French. Awaiting the completion of a Sihanouk-inspired municipal stadium at Phnompenh, Sorsby and Reavis must run their track team up and down the steps and around the perimeter of the Phnompenh temple in the heart of the city. Foggy's boxers work out in a gym that looks like Mammy Yokum's chicken coop. Dr. Loft's swimmers are forced to thread their way through the small fry bathing in the plunge of the local French sports club.

Perhaps the greatest frustration of all belongs to Chris Appel, who two years ago was an all-conference basketball player for the University of Southern California. Because of his basketball talent and because he learned to speak *facile* French from his Russian and French parents, Chris was asked to go to Cambodia and coach basketball under the aegis of The Asia Foundation.

When he arrived, Chris found a Chinese Communist in charge. He also discovered that nothing was about to make the neutralist Cambodian government risk an international incident by awarding the job to an American. Anyway, Cambodians had always thought the Chinese to be better basketball players than the Americans. So Chris Appel promptly organized a makeshift team of student teachers-in-training and almost beat the Chinese-trained team in the finals of the national tournament. This near miss improved Appel's position—and the respect of Cambodians for American basketball—but Chris has not yet fully succeeded in depositing his Chinese rival. Nevertheless, he continues to labor in Sihanouk's behalf and to share the Prince's concern for the continued growth of sport in Cambodia.

"We are handicapped in some sports," Prince Sihanouk said recently, "by our small stature. This applies to

athletics in general, with the result that we have never put up much of a show as athletes at international games. Lack of height also prevents us from giving a good account of ourselves at basketball despite the natural aptitude shown by many of the younger generation for this game."

Coaches Sorsby and Appel got to thinking about this statement of the Prince's one afternoon, and Sorsby said, "I wish we could get that idea out of their heads. I wish we could get some of our best short athletes over here to show them it doesn't matter how tall you are. I wish we could get Jim Beatty and Paul Stuber, the Oregon high jumper who has done seven feet."

Appel, who himself stands 6 feet 2, cut in, "I wish we could get Bob Cousy over. They've got plenty of guys as tall as Cousy. They don't even know we've got basketball players like that. Imagine what they would think if they could see some of our really good basketball teams like the Celtics. I can't even get good movies of the pro games to show them. Or imagine if they could see the Harlem Globetrotters. God, that would be worth all the foreign aid money we've put into this country for the last 10 years. Instead of that they send us the San Francisco Ballet or the Budapest String Quartet. A lot of good that does."

"Gee, there are so many things we could do," Sorsby said. "If we could just get them a decent diet with enough protein. These kids just don't have a chance to build up their endurance eating things like rice and noodles and barbecued tarantulas or whatever those things are that they get. They have so much natural

ability that it hurts you to know that they aren't making the most of it."

Elsewhere and on another occasion, Prince Sihanouk said last summer, "I don't consider the winning of athletic honors necessary or very important. But we do attach very great importance to the physique and character-building aspect of our sports program."

"Nevertheless, our status as an independent nation does impose on us the obligation to acquit ourselves worthily, not only in the field of sport but also in all those other activities in which we are called upon to play our part."

"In sport, we struggle on in good heart, making the most of such assets as we have and showing ourselves thereby to be in robust health, and to possess dogged determination. Furthermore, I don't think a small nation lays itself open to criticism by treating sports and games as a serious matter like the great powers, which have prestige considerations to worry about."

"But there is an aspect of these international gatherings which does interest us greatly. That is the occasion they offer for nations both great and small to get to know each other better and for athletes of all nationalities to live together in brotherly fashion."

This rather lofty attitude toward sport hardly jibes with Prince Sihanouk's own fiercely competitive nature on the playing field, and one suspects that his subjects are more likely to be guided by his actions than his words. Cambodians, particularly young Cambodians, idolize Sihanouk; he has brought them a way to translate their energy into unity and purpose.

END

IN PROVINCIAL TAKE-OFF, THOUSANDS OF ATHLETES STAGE GAMES FOR VISITING PRINCE SIHANOUK







THE COBRA AND C. K. YANG

BY ROBERT CREAMER

If the snake had been a copperhead or a rattler, or even a bushmaster or a krait, the story would not have seemed so impressive. But it was a cobra, and a cobra has a special quality—like a shark or a tiger.

"In World War II," said C. K. Yang (*see cover*), "the American planes came to bomb Formosa, and we had to go up to the mountains to live. My father made me an archery—you know? A bow? One day I was in the woods and there was a snake in the path. It was a cobra. He was up like this, you know? With his neck? My father told me, always stand still when you see a snake. I stand still. Then after a while I move a little this way. The snake move his head the same way. I lean back. The snake lean forward. I was so scared."

"What did you do?"

"I shot him. I got mad. I said to myself, 'I will kill this snake.' Very slow, I got my archery." Yang's dark eyes stared, and his face grew tense as he reached over his shoulder to the quiver that had been there so many years before. He strung an imaginary arrow on his imaginary bow, drew it back, let it go and smiled. "I got him in the neck."

"Then what happened?"

"I went home."

"Did you get the arrow back?"

"No!" He laughed at the idea. "I ran home! I was so scared." He shook his head in amusement. "The next day I went back, and the snake was still there. He was dead. I got my arrow back then."

"How old were you?"

"Ohhh." The effort of remembering took a long moment. "I was about—11."

Next October in Tokyo, barring illness, injury, political disaster or the sudden emergence of an entirely unanticipated new star, C. K. Yang, holder of the unofficial world record for shooting cobras through the neck with an arrow at the age of 11, should win the Olympic Games decathlon, the 10-event, two-day ordeal that is the most demanding test of athletic ability in sport. It seems singularly appropriate that at these first Olympics ever held in Asia, the most highly respected gold medal of the Games (the Olympic decathlon champion is usually called the world's greatest athlete) should be won by an Asian, and not only by an Asian but by a Chinese who will be the first Chinese ever to win an Olympic gold medal. That the Chinese in question is a citizen of Chiang Kai-shek's Republic of China (11 million people) rather than Mao Tse-tung's People's Republic of *continued*

THE WORLD'S BEST ATHLETE TAKES A HURDLE EN ROUTE TO HIS NEW DECATHLON RECORD

China (670 million) is an irony that must delight the one China as much as it galls the other, though it seems certain that on the Communist mainland all but the most thoroughly brainwashed will feel a surge of national pride when the name of C. K. Yang—or Yang Chuan-Kwang, to give it its proper Chinese form—leads all the rest.

Unlike many of the Nationalist Chinese, who fled the mainland after the Communist take-over in 1949, Yang was born on Taiwan, the 225-mile-long island that the early Portuguese explorers described as *Formosa*, or "beautiful," on July 10, 1933. He will be 31 at the Olympics, a very old age for a track and field man and particularly for a decathlon champion. But despite his chronological antiquity, Yang (his name is pronounced as though it rhymed with "jongue") is a youthful man. His small-featured, boyish face and crew-cut hair, and his tall, lean build and springy stride make him seem closer to 20 than to 30. He was late maturing as an athlete. He was almost 21 before he got around to what might be called full-time participation in track and field, and he was 23 when he first saw top-level competition, at the Melbourne Olympics in 1956. (Bob Mathias was 21 when he retired in 1952 after winning his second Olympic decathlon, and Rafer Johnson was only 25 when he culminated a long and remarkable athletic career with his decathlon victory in Rome in 1960.)

Although Yang won the Asian Games decathlon twice, in 1954 and 1958, he was unknown to most followers of track and field until he came to the U.S. in the summer of 1958 to compete in the U.S. decathlon championship in Palmyra, N.J. The Formosan track and field federation had asked the Amateur Athletic Union to extend an invitation to Yang, a necessary formality, and then had sent him to the U.S. in the company of an English-speaking coach named Wei Chen-wu. In Palmyra, Yang went into action against a field that included Rafer Johnson. Johnson was then the best decathlon man in the world—he broke the world record later that summer in Moscow in the first U.S.-U.S.S.R. dual meet—but Yang was a close second to him after the first day of competition and to everyone's astonishment actually went into the lead after the first event of the second day before Johnson rallied to win.

Yang had expected to remain in the U.S., competing and learning, for only a month or two, but after his fine showing against Johnson it was arranged by the authorities in Taiwan for him to stay in the U.S. and continue his athletic career in college. Yang spoke no English at all, but he studied the language intensively for a year, with Coach Wei tutoring him at night, and in 1959 he entered UCLA, Rafer Johnson's school, as a freshman in physical education. He will receive his degree

early in 1964. Because of the language barrier, the time he has devoted to track and field, his age (he was 26 when he enrolled as a freshman) and the fact that he married and became a father during his years at UCLA, his grades have sometimes been poor. But he has never failed a subject, and his achievement in obtaining a degree less than six years after he began to learn English seems in some ways as remarkable as his accomplishments in track and field.

At UCLA, under the direction of Elvin (Ducky) Drake, Rafer Johnson's coach, Yang refined his athletic abilities, and in 1959, when Johnson was sidelined with injuries suffered in an automobile accident, Yang won the U.S. decathlon championship. Rafer took his championship back the next year, setting a new world record as he did so, but again Yang was a strong second. He, too, broke the old world record and in the Olympics in Rome two months later almost upset Johnson in the most stirring competition of the Games (SI, Sept. 19, 1960). Yang lost by 58 points, which is a photo finish by decathlon reckoning (C. K. has a penchant for such hairbreadth finishes: he won his decathlon debut at the 1954 Asian Games by 25 points and his 1959 U.S. championship by 5 points).

When Johnson retired after the 1960 Olympics, Yang took over as the best decathlon man in the world. Because of a muscle pull he did not compete in the U.S. championship in 1961, but he won it in 1962. Then in 1963 he broke Johnson's world record and became the first man ever to score more than 9,000 points in a decathlon (points are earned in each of the 10 events by measuring the individual's performance against a detailed scoring table—so many points for a 6-foot high jump, so many more points for a 6-foot 1-inch high jump, and so on). Yang, who had concurrently developed into one of the best pole vaulters in the world—he set an indoor world record in 1963—earned 1,515 of his 9,121 points in his record decathlon by vaulting nearly 16 feet, which is the maximum amount you can earn in any one event. Because of the vast improvement in pole-vaulting performances brought about by the introduction of the highly elastic fiber-glass pole (Yang uses one), the decathlon scoring tables—which are reviewed and revised every decade or so to keep any event from becoming disproportionately important in relation to the others—are almost certain to be changed before the Tokyo Olympics.

This will reduce the number of points that Yang might expect to gain from the pole vault, but it should not affect his overall total to a damaging degree. He is what is known in track circles as a world-class competitor not only in the pole vault but in the broad jump (25 feet plus), high hurdles (under 14 seconds) and javelin throw (235 feet and up), and he is very close to that

level in the high jump (6 feet 7½ inches) and in the 100- and 400-meter runs (10.6 and 47.7 seconds). In competition for the UCLA track team—he was co-captain last season—he frequently scored points in five events. The only decathlon events in which he is run of the mill are the discus throw and the shotput. (He is poor in the 1,500-meter run, but no top decathlon man has ever been very good in it; the final event of the second day, it serves primarily as a test of endurance.)

Yang is slightly more than 6 feet tall and he weighs about 180 pounds—almost exactly Stan Musial's height and weight. Like Musial, he is like and seems almost thin until he moves into action; then, as with Musial, muscles pop out all over, like bunches of grapes. But unlike Musial, who as a boy was a superb gymnast and a fine all-round athlete, Yang as a boy was a joke, the

object of the raucous humor of his schoolmates, a classic example of the ugly duckling who took a long, long time to grow up. Yang has vivid memories of that painfully slow metamorphosis, and this fall, in his small apartment in West Los Angeles near the UCLA campus, he talked about it in his surprisingly good though occasionally freewheeling English.

"I'm going to tell you exactly how it was," he said. "You see, my father was a baseball player and a track athlete." (The reference to baseball seemed unreal until it was recalled that Taiwan was under Japanese occupation from 1895 until the end of World War II and that the baseball-loving Japanese brought bat and ball with them wherever they conquered.) "My father was not an outstanding athlete, not an Olympic athlete, but in our county he was very outstanding. When I was 4 or 5

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WITH HIS SON CEDRIC AND HIS WIFE DAISY, CHEERFUL YANG STROLLS NEAR UCLA CAMPUS





years old he was still playing, and he always bring me to watch." Yang, who has four sisters, was an only son. "So when I went to school I became very interested in playing ball and running. Maybe heredity, you know, background.

"But I wasn't very fast. In China, have track meet which is held each year in school. Just the school. We don't have teams, but everybody have to run in the track meet. I never won. I was always behind everybody. I was way behind, and everybody laugh at me. I laugh at me, too, if I were them. Because my father was such a very fast runner in the county and here I was and I couldn't run fast. People laugh.

"But I try. I always want to be like my father, you know, could run and all. When I saw his spikes—baseball and track—they really fascinated me. I said to myself, gee, if you wear these kind of shoes you have to be very outstanding. I put my feet into my father's shoes. They were not good anymore, those spikes, but I tried to wear them. Once I took some needle and sewed them and I tried to run on a field. I was maybe 10. When I go home my father saw his shoes and he got mad and bawled me out—oh, he didn't bawl me out so much as ask why I sewed his shoes like that. He was pretty interested to know how I will be as an athlete.

"Then World War II came and we hid in the mountains—when I shot the snake—and I got sick with malaria. A terrible thing to have. I was afraid later that I would be a carrier, but I went to a doctor several times here to check my blood, and no more. I am glad to be normal now! But after World War II it came back. I was about 14 or 15 and, you know, at 14 or 15 you grow up. But what I did was be sick in a bed for a year. Sometimes get better, then worse again. Seemed a long time. I thought I was going to die. I lose my confidence, my faith in myself.

"Finally somebody told my father about a doctor who was traveling around. My father talked to him, and he came to my house and looked at me: my eyes, my heart. He said, 'Don't worry. I can fix him.' He gave me medicine. Up to then, every day the fever came on a certain time, suppose 9 o'clock—it was different maybe one hour up or down. But a terrible thing. Get cold, then get hot. And afterward feel nothing. He gave me medicine two days. First day, the fever didn't come out very bad. Second day, it didn't come out at all. I thought it would come out again, but the doctor told me to eat that pill for a month, so I continued it and I got well.

"And then I just grew up, you know? Whoosh. No muscles, just bone. Very tall and thin. People called me Bamboo. I was really embarrassed, people calling me

Bamboo because, as you know, Chinese people are short, and being like me, tall, it's unusual, you know, over there. When I'd stand in class, so tall, people only up to my shoulders, I was ashamed. People laugh at me and I hate myself. I was sad. I used to cry, because people give me a bad time. You know how teenagers are. And I couldn't fight them, because I was too weak. And I really don't like people to fight against people. No matter what they say. I learned to forget it. I learned to avoid this kind of thing. But sometimes I thought about being like this, so tall and thin, what am I going to do? What's going to happen to me? I don't think I would have girl friends, or things like that. I worried about that.

"But then I said to myself, people laugh at me, so what. Keep well, stay alive. I learned to determine something in my mind: if you're ever going to do it you have to do it, complete it. The first thing that came to my mind was, O.K., I'm going to try to run. We had the school track meet and I ran in it. Third place. People laughing. I was so tall. Short people—whoosh—like that. I felt bad but my father said, 'Oh, don't worry. Still long way to go. You can build your muscles.' But my mother really worried. She doesn't want me to—she doesn't want people to say that I'm tall and thin, like that. She doesn't want people laughing."

I tried to play baseball. I went to the coach, who was the principal of our school, Taibang Agricultural High School. I said, 'Uh, will you take me as, you know, one of the baseball players?' I said, 'I know that I can practice and maybe get used to it.'

I thought maybe he would take me as a ball carrier or a bat carrier, something like that. He refused to have me. He couldn't take very many, and the others were better than I was.

"During the summer I practiced playing baseball. Many kids did not, because they did not like to practice hard in the hot summer. But I practice and practice, and when we were back in school one day a fellow came to me and said, 'The principal wants to see you.' I said, 'What for? He doesn't want to see me.' He said, 'He likes to talk to you.' So I went over there. I think, oh, what I do? Think, something happened to my father, a farmer. But he said, 'This is your glove, and this is your uniform. How would you like to change and go over to the practice field and work out?'

"I was so happy, so happy. But in practice when I throw the ball I was—so funny form, you know? I couldn't throw hard. The athletes start laughing at me. I was so happy to join them, and I was so embarrassed when they laugh at me. The coach was mad. He bawled

continued

AFTER HERDIE TRY IN 1960 OLYMPIC DECATHLON, YANG IS COMFORTED BY WINNER JOHNSON

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them out who laughed, and he said, "If you laugh at people someday he will be much better than you are. You better not laugh at people. You never know. He have a long way to go, and maybe he can learn faster than you and someday laugh at you. Put yourself in that position. Suppose people laugh at you. How do you respond to them? How do you feel?" Said, "Think about it." And they didn't laugh at me anymore.

"We practice, and in a month I can compete against them in some ways—catch a ball or hit. And then I can hit the ball good. And I can run. I got faster and faster. I built muscles, you know? Even now, from baseball playing, my right arm is bigger than my left.

"They made me pitcher. I learned most balls, except knuckle ball. I could throw fast ball, outdrop, curve, and I could throw from below—underhand, sidehand, overhand. The coach asked me, you know, curve ball, do like this and like this and like this. And I just, you know, discover myself. I was only a fair pitcher, but in that school—most of the time we just played against ourselves—I was good. I struck out 17 men one time. And then we had a big game—the players and the coach and some teachers all mixed together on the same team to represent the school. We won the game and a big, big cup. Afterward we had a banquet, and the coach said again, he review what he said to the athletes who laughed at me. Two of them cried, you know?"

Triumphant, Yang continued to play baseball but, relishing his newly developed speed, he turned also to track and field. He ran in the all-county meet and finished a respectable third in the 100 meters. He began to practice the broad jump and the high jump. In the high jump he did well at first, but then for a long time he plateaued at 5 feet.

"Jump 5 feet and jump and jump and jump again. But one day, all of sudden, I jump 5 feet 8 or 9. And then the all-county track meet again, and I jump 6 feet! And then I compete in the nationals of Formosa. And I won! The following year I competed in both the high

jump and the broad jump in the nationals, and I won the broad jump and finished third in the high jump.

"The next year, 1954, was the Asian Games. I really wanted to go. I quit playing baseball and concentrated on track. In the final tryouts I finished second in the broad jump and second in the high jump. I was nervous. In the high jump I had the same height as the winner, but I missed more times and I was placed second. They were taking 21 athletes for track and field, and they said they would announce the team over the radio. I was in the hotel packing—either go home or report to training headquarters. And they call the names over the radio, one by one. The athletes who made it began jumping around the room. I began to get sad. I faced to the wall. I think I was in tears. Here came 17 and 18. Then the man who beat me in the high jump—same height, but I was second—he was No. 19. I got so mad. I was beaten out by so little. Also, I said to myself, I can do the broad jump, too. I was ready to quit and go back to the baseball. Then 20 came. Not me. I was ready to carry my luggage out, get taxi and get train and go home. And then 21, they call my name. The last one. I just couldn't believe it. I was in tears even more.

"But I was still mad—I still want to go home. I got a taxi and went to the station, but in the waiting room I thought and I decided, I'm going to report. So I went to the training camp."

And there, in the training camp, the world's best decathlon man was created—accidentally. The field-event men like Yang, who was to compete in the broad jump and high jump, trained on the same field with the track men, the runners. Yang's curiosity and competitive drive moved him to experiment with other events, hitherto strange to him. He set up a bicycle and used it as an impromptu hurdle. He read a Japanese book on hurdling—Yang speaks and reads Japanese fluently because of his schooling under the Japanese occupation—and studied its illustrations. "I tried to bring the whole thing together in my mind,"

continued

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he said, but his coach became irritated because Yang was not concentrating on his jumping. Yang said, "I told him, 'I just can't jump every day. If I practice hurdling today, maybe tomorrow I can jump more higher.' And I did. I jumped 2 or 3 inches higher."

At the end of each week the squad underwent trials. Yang said, "One week I ask the coach, 'Can I run the hurdles?' He said, 'Are you kidding?' I said, 'No, I'm not kidding. I'd like to run.' He said, 'O.K., after you broad-jump and high-jump.' So I jumped and jumped. And then I ran the hurdles. I beat them all! They were all about 16.2 seconds, and I did 16 flat. I was surprised that everybody was so happy, because the three guys I beat were so mad. I felt, oh, my fault. I shouldn't do that. But I practice and finally I ran 15.7, equal to the national record. And I practice the javelin. I just threw it wild at first, but in three weeks I beat him, the javelin thrower. So the coach said, 'I like to see you throw again next week.' Then I did the discus and the shotput. And then, three weeks before we leave for Manila for the Asian Games, the coach said, 'How'd you like to try decathlon?'"

"I was so surprised. I really didn't feel like it. The two decathlon boys, when we had trials, they had to do two days. I used to laugh at them. And then I said to myself, oh, I shouldn't laugh. I remembered my principal. And then I felt sorry for them. So when they asked me about the decathlon, I said, oh no, I don't like the pole vault and I don't like to run 1,500 meters. I don't mind 100 or 400 meters, but not 1,500 meters."

"They ask me again. Every meal. At breakfast, ask me. Lunch, ask me. Dinner, ask me. Before we go to bed, ask me. For three days. Then I talked to one athlete about what I should do. He said, 'You. You run 1,500 meters, not me.' But another guy said, 'Hey, if you compete in the decathlon you have a chance to do well in the Asian Games. You have a good chance to place in the decathlon, but not in the broad jump or high jump. Think about it.' He was old, about 30—like my age now. He was a

teacher. He knows something. So the next day at breakfast, before the coach had a chance to ask me, I say to him, 'Yes, Coach. I'm going to compete in the decathlon.'

"So I practice. Try the pole vault. I never pole-vaulted in my life. They say, 'Now, you hold the pole like this, stick it in the box, hang on to it and jump.' God! I was scared. They put the bar at two meters, about 6 feet 6. I didn't make it. I tried again, and finally I did about 7½ feet."

"Then that week at our trials I did the decathlon. I scored 5,300 points. Oh, it was hard. I never ran 1,500 meters in my life, and everybody standing around the track pushing me on: go, go, go. My first decathlon. Right after it I was so sick I had to stay in bed two days. They all went out, but I went to bed all weekend. It was so funny. I couldn't eat. I was ready to quit. But they had the application in for me for the Asian Games, so finally we went to Manila."

Yang had never seen a decathlon scoring table up to that time, and he had no real understanding of the scoring system. At Manila he simply tried to beat everyone in every event. In the last, the exhausting 1,500 meters, he was jogging wearily along late in the race when he suddenly decided that he would try to catch a Japanese runner about 100 yards ahead of him. Yang's spurt closed about 60 yards and added a small but significant number of points to his overall total. At first it did not seem to matter. Yang was told that he had finished second. "I was so disappointed," he said. "I didn't expect to win, but I wanted to win." Then it turned out that an old scoring table had been used by mistake; under the revised scoring of the new table Yang was placed first, by 25 points. He had won the first gold medal ever won by a Chinese track and field athlete at the Asian Games, and he became wholly committed to the decathlon.

And so Yang competed in the Olympics in 1956 and at the Asian Games again in 1958, came to the U.S., entered UCLA, became fast friends with Rafer Johnson and improved tremendously

year after year. In the process he became more and more Americanized. He learned to drive a car. He wore loafers and chinos and sweaters and porkpie hats. He met and married Daisy Jue, pretty daughter of a Ventura, Calif. merchant and a coed at the University of Southern California, and became the father of a son named Edward Cedric. In the years since his departure from Taiwan in 1958 he has been back to his homeland only twice, once in 1960 after the Rome Olympics and again in 1962 during an abortive trip to the Asian Games in Indonesia—from which Taiwan (and Yang) and Israel were barred by the arbitrary action of Indonesian officials, pressured by Communist China and the Arab countries. He will visit Taiwan again in 1964, on the way to and from Tokyo, but after the Olympics he expects to retire from competitive track and field, and the chances are that he will make his home in the U.S. He is immensely popular in Taiwan—small boys imitate the way he walks, and Chiang Kai-shek has received him—but the success Taiwan is so proud of is losing the island its hero. It is a paradox that gnaws at Yang.

"Many people ask me about my future plans," he said. "I don't know what they are. I don't want to make anybody feel bad. I love to go home and coach, but the situation is different now. This country is where my wife was born and where she grew up, and it would be a strange life for her over there. I don't think she would be happy. Also I'm getting used to it here. I don't know, when I go home I feel strange sometimes. I don't feel that I belong. I feel more comfortable here. I can talk to people here, you know? Also I can get much better job here. I think I would get a very good job over there, in Formosa, but I don't think I could get a better salary than I could get here. Here I could coach and also go into something like bowling. I would like to try it. I have done 272, and I averaged 214 for four games one time and 225 for three games. All the time I average about 200. And, anyway, I could always go back

home in the summertime and coach there for two or three months.

"I really don't know, though, what happens. If I win the gold medal the Chinese people will want me to go around the world and meet Chinese people in different countries, the overseas Chinese people. Like a State Department trip. Sports clinics all over the world. That's what I heard; I don't know for sure. The Chinese people here, they are very good to me, but they have not talked to me about the future. I don't think they mind what I do then or where I live. I think I have one obligation: to win the gold medal for China in the Olympics. That's the only thing, the main thing.

"I want to tell you about a man named S. S. Kwan. He was an architect, and he used to be a millionaire on the mainland before the Communists. After he came to Formosa he was not as rich as he used to be, but he still had money and he spent it all on athletics, on equipment and like that. He was head of the track and field federation in Formosa. He got track athletes jobs, and after work we would practice every day. In 1958 he sponsored me to come over here to the U.S. to compete. We were supposed to go right back in a couple of months, as you know, but my coach, Mr. Wei, asked me if I'd like to stay and go to school. I said, sure, so he wrote to Mr. Kwan and he said, all right, he would support me, living here and going to school, until the Olympic Games. Room and board and pocket money. He was like a father, you know. So I went to UCLA. I almost went to Yale. A man in New Jersey told me he could get me in there. I wanted to go. I had heard of Yale, a very famous college, and I thought, oh, imagine if I could go to Yale! But Mr. Wei, my coach, said, you know, you could not get the competition in the decathlon at Yale as you would in California. And you could not practice as much, because in the winter is so cold. So I went to UCLA.

"And then at Rome when I got second place, Mr. Kwan was so happy. I never saw him so happy as he was at Rome. He said, 'Ahh! Now I have

achieved my goal.' He said, 'We broke the egg.' The egg, that was the zero, you know? Up to then we had never won a medal in the Olympic Games. Rome was the first. So I broke two eggs: the gold medal at the Asian Games, the silver medal at the Olympic Games. Mr. Kwan was so happy.

"He was traveling with his wife, and he went to Paris before he went home. There, in Formosa, he start planning for the next step—the future—day and night. Then all of a sudden he had a stroke and died, like that. Oh, gosh. I felt—I was so—I didn't know what to say as I looked back at what he had done for me. I really didn't know what to say. People ask me how I feel that he had died. I remember how at Rome he said he had achieved his goal. I told them that, of course, Mr. Kwan think he had finished his job but that he has not finished it, even though he has passed away. And that I am going to finish it for him. I am going to break the world record for him, and I am going to get the gold medal for him. I like them to know that he was a great man.

"So I must win at Tokyo. And that will be my last competition. I wanted to keep in condition until the next Asian Games in 1966, but I just can't afford the time. I enjoy being an athlete, I like it very much, but I worry about my family—my wife, son—how to support them. Her family has helped us, but now I have got to earn some money. I have done sports for a long, long time. I have sacrificed so many chances to make money. Recently the Chinese people here, they like to help me. They raised money for me. They raised about \$3,400, I think. Suppose I accept that money, I become a professional. I told them I cannot accept that money, and that they cannot use my name to collect money. They are so nice, but I just cannot take that money.

"So I am happy now, but I am not yet too happy in everything. Because I have my family to support, but I still have my goal to achieve. Maybe after the Olympic Games in Tokyo things will be different for me. Oh. Who knows?"

END



Trout jostle one another in New Zealand

Experts say you haven't really fished until you've cast a fly in New Zealand waters. At Lake Taupo, for example, about 300,000 Rainbow Trout are taken in a season. Some weigh up to 12 pounds and even more. In fact, the smallest keepers are 14 inches.

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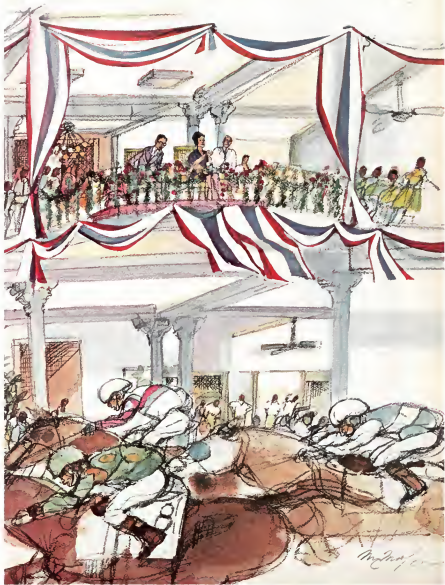
PAINTINGS BY FRANKLIN MCMAHON

A CLUB TO SUIT A KING'S FANCY

When he first saw a horse race at Ascot in 1897, Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, liked the sport so much that he sponsored a track back home in Bangkok. Today that nine-furlong course is just one part of The Royal Bangkok Sports Club, a bustling international playground in the capital of modern Thailand. Its 88 acres embrace facilities for more than a dozen sports and games, and its membership, an astonishingly cosmopolitan collection of 2,000 sportsmen from 50 lands, is in an almost perpetual, perspiring ferment. Perhaps the most active are the 600 Americans, whose lusty pursuit of leisure sometimes puzzles their Oriental friends. "Quite remarkable," said one Eastern member to two Americans who had just finished an enervating game of squash, "but wouldn't it be better to have two coolies play it for you?"

THAILAND'S KING BHUMIBOL ADULYADEJ AND
QUEEN SIRIKIT WATCH TEEN-AGE JOCKEYS DRIVE
PAST THE STANDS AT THE START OF THE KING'S
CUP. TRACK BIRDLES THE CLUB'S 18-HOLE GOLF
COURSE (NEXT PAGE) WHERE, DESPITE COMMOD-
TION FROM HORSES AND TENNIS MATCHES, A
STEADY GOLFER LINES UP A FOUR-FOOT PUTT







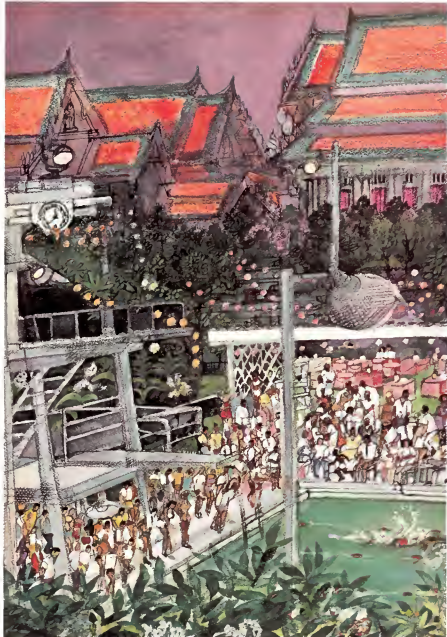


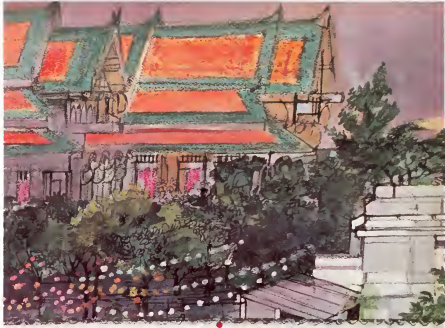


CHILDREN CROWD INTO THE CLUB'S PALM-FRINGED WADING POOL AS PARENTS KEEP A CLOSE WATCH. WHEN FULL, SAYS ONE MEMBER, THE POOL LOOKS LIKE AN INTERNATIONAL BOUILLABAISSE IN A FREE-FORM TUREEN.

WOMEN OF EAST AND WEST MEET IN THE BRIDGE ROOM, WHERE JAPANESE FANS FLUTTER AND AN AMERICAN SHEDS HER SHOES. MEANWHILE (NEXT PAGE), OTHER MEMBERS PUT ON A MINIATURE SWIMMING OLYMPICS.









HALF A WORLD HALF A DAY AWAY

BY FRED R. SMITH

OF ALL THE VOYAGERS TO THE EAST SINCE MARCO POLO FOUND THE WAY, NONE HAS HAD GREATER IMPACT THAN THE AMERICAN TOURIST. HERE BEGINS A SPORTSMAN-TRAVELER'S GUIDE TO THE STRANGE AND FAMILIAR ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE PACIFIC

The jet from Phnompenh to Bangkok was filled with as diverse a collection of Eastern and Western costumes and faces as a Singapore bazaar on a Saturday afternoon. The stewardess, her eyes the color of her Dior-blue Air France uniform, directed her special attention to the French priest who sat on the aisle beside me. "*Mais, mon Père,*" she said, "*vous devriez passer une journée à Bangkok—c'est la Venise de l'Orient.*" In the strangeness of the East, the Western traveler looks constantly for the touchstone from the West.

The evening before, I sat on the edge of the terrace that surrounds the moat of Angkor Wat. The twilight glow painted dusty pink the pinecone-shaped towers of the ancient temple of the Khmers. From the DC-3

it had seemed a grand sand castle, beginning to crumble in a wave edge of jungle. A group of young monks came down the sandstone steps to the causeway, the crocus of their robes vivid in the fading light. An elephant and its mahout splashed and bathed in the cool waters, swallows skimmed over the lotus-filled pool, and a parrot shrieked in the banyan tree overhead.

The pleasures I took in that moment, 10,000 miles from home in the remoteness of the Cambodian jungle, were enhanced, not diminished, by the knowledge that across the road behind me lay the comforts of the *Auberge des Temples*. Its gravel drive, clipped lawns, bright mimosas and jalousied windows might have been transported intact from Juan-les-Pins. I would soon join the charming manager of the *Auberge*, Mme. Villet, for a

Martini in its serene, tile-floored bar. And at dinner I would have a *steak au poivre*—the *poivre* the fresh, soft pepper of Cambodia—and a *demi-Beaujolais*.

In Bangkok I hired a canal taxi to take me up the murky klong (turn right at the Temple of the Dawn) to breakfast at Ethan Emery's place. Emery came out to Thailand to collect otters, leopards, scaly anteaters and slow lorises for the Cincinnati zoo three years ago after graduating from Harvard. He has stayed to open a restaurant beside one of the canals that form the streets of much of Bangkok. The restaurant is open from 7:30 to 10 in the mornings. Before you round the bend in the klong, you hear the hollow, mellow percussions of the gamelan orchestra, meant to lure tourists returning in water buses from the floating markets of Bangkok. On the teak deck of the restaurant, breakfast starts with "the best Bloody Mary in the South Pacific." On a buffet under fly-screening pyramids of wire mesh are mounds of fruit—mangosteens, pomelos, rambutans and papayas—which, for Bangkok, are not such exotic fare as the scrambled eggs, Danish bacon, toast and coffee that follow.

There is no place in Asia that does not have a Western veneer—no place, at least, at which a tourist is likely to call. The British and the French colonists brought such necessities as good whisky and Cognac, roast beef and soufflés, horse racing and Gaudloises. They have been assimilated—as readily and as thoroughly as the Raffles Hotel and the garden-city planning of Saigon and Phnompenh—into the character of the East that Kipling and Maugham romanticized.

However, in the matter of changing the face of Asia, the European colonists were only tinkers compared to the master mechanics of American tourism. The Americans may not stay as long, but they come in such numbers (200,000 this year) and leave so much money behind (\$120 million this year) that the Orient is transforming itself to please them. The new Hongkong Hilton, tallest tower of steel and glass in the East, rising behind the Victorian Hong Kong Club, has outfitted a crew of ricksha boys in yellow mess jackets with the double H of its monogram in bold black on the back. They cart you to the Star Ferry free of charge. Across the way, in Kowloon tailor shops, catalogs from Brooks Brothers and Rogers Peet are offered to help the customer select the style of his suit. In Hakone beneath the cone of Fuji, Japan's first motor inn, the Ashinoko, overlooks a rolling golf course. Add a cactus or two and you could not tell it from Scottsdale. Even the *futon* bed on the floors

of Japanese inns has been made extra-thick and extra-long, as comfortable as a Beautyrest, and there is a TV set, and often a telephone as well, in a wall niche alongside the painted scroll.

"The Orient without tears," one traveler called it as he gazed through the canted glass windows from the stage-set bar on the roof of the Mandarin Hotel in Hong Kong. Every new hotel in the East has its version of the Top of the Mark. Few have such a spectacular view as that of Hong Kong harbor. At night, when the fleet is in, the carriers light up like ornamental trees. Unblinking neon paves the water purple and pink, proclaiming HITCHHIK, SONY, FIAT and, with unconscious poetic aptness, the name of Hong Kong's largest Chinese life insurance society, WING ON LIFE.

Of course, that Orient-without-tears philosophy can and does go too far. Admittedly, it is difficult to get about in a land where the taxi driver does not speak English and the streets have no names—in Tokyo to this day there are taxi drivers who have never heard of the Imperial Hotel. But the fiction that it is impossible to travel without an English-speaking guide in a big American car is a deception perpetrated by the tour agencies of the East. Shed a big tear for the travelers who allow themselves to be shipped, like so much cauliflower under Ploefilm, from airport to air-conditioned hotel room, from sightseeing bus to nightclub, from homogenized restaurant to airport again, and on to the next capital. The tourist returns from that sort of expensive journey with little more to show for going halfway round the world than a copy of a Savile Row suit—or a beaded sweater to wow the girls at the bridge club—and a collection of slides to show where he went, often taken by someone else and purchased in the lobby of a hotel that looks comfortably like the lobby of a hundred hotels back home.

But for the traveler with enough adventure in his makeup to go guileless through the noisy bazaars of the East; to eat the salty coral of sea urchin, or the smoky pine mushroom, grilled on the blade of a hoe; to walk the long beaches of the Philippines in search of the tiger cowrie and the red moon shell—the Orient is today the most satisfying journey of all. Its diversities, entertainments and charms are indicated on the maps of southeast Asia and Japan on the next three pages. These are supplemented, beginning on page 94, with country-by-country travel facts designed to make a free and independent traveler of the most timid visitor to the not-so-inscrutable East.



B. Simpson

VIETNAM

LAOS

THAILAND

ANGKOR

CAMBODIA

PNOM PENH

JAKARTA

ANDAMAN
SEA

BANGKOK

GULF
OF
SIAM

PENANG

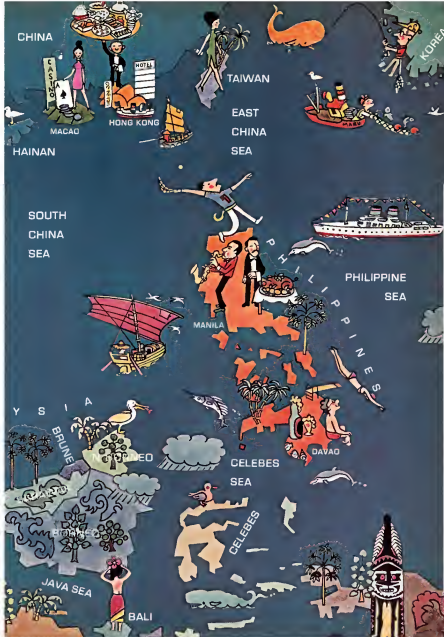
KUALA LUMPUR

SINGAPORE

RAFFLES

INDIAN
OCEAN

JAVA



SEA
OF
JAPAN

HOKKAIDO

00
B. Sample size

HONSHU

YOKOHAMA

ATA MI

PACIFIC
OCEAN

SHIKOKU

SKYUSHU



24

AN OLYMPIC-YEAR GUIDE TO THE BEST OF THE ORIENT

GETTING THERE

It has become surprisingly easy to tour most of the lands pictured on the maps on the preceding pages. Each week 37 scheduled airline jets make the trans-oceanic trip (average time Los Angeles to Tokyo, with a stop in Honolulu, 14½ hours). For travelers with the luxury of time, an oceanliner leaves the West Coast every week bound for the Orient. And for those who like both modes of travel, airline and steamship companies sell air-sea combinations so one can fly partway, then ease off with, say, a three-day cruise across the South China Sea or the Gulf of Siam. Whichever way you go, there is a special savor in hitting Bangkok first and working north to Japan, where fall will bring the opening of the Olympic Games. While getting to Japan is easy, getting to the Olympics in Tokyo is becoming more difficult by the minute. All Tokyo hotels are solidly booked, and it is necessary to have confirmed room space before you can buy tickets to the Games. The situation, however, is far from hopeless. American Express, the U.S. agent for Olympic tickets, has blocks of them on hand. As for a room, if your travel agent has no space laid by (but most that book Oriental travel do), there are other ways.

Lufthansa has a round-the-world Olympic Tour, via Europe, leaving New York Sept. 2 and stopping in Tokyo from Oct. 10 to 24. The cost, including hotels and tickets to track, field and swimming events, is \$2,503. Pan Am and Japan Air Lines are planning special tours as well. P&O Orient Lines' *Meria* leaves San Francisco Sept. 25, docks in Yokohama Oct. 9 to 13 and goes on to Hong Kong. After one day there, those so inclined can board another P&O liner, the *Orovani*, and return to Yokohama from Oct. 22 to 25

for the last days of the Games.

Finally, the Japanese have established an Olympics Housing Office (write Tokyo Olympics Housing Office, 5, 3-chome, Murenouchi, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo). The OHO has a listing of 1,500 beds in 800 private homes in Tokyo, all with westernized plumbing. The price is \$5 per night, including an American breakfast. There are 3,900 more rooms put aside in Japanese inns in Hakone and in Atami, the seaside spa—both about 70 miles south of Tokyo. Charge is from \$12.50 to \$15 per day for two with bath. Transportation from these inns to the Games will be quick: in October the world's fastest train will start its run from Osaka to Tokyo—via Odawara, Hakone's station—at 125 mph.

JAPAN

The fascinations of Japan, suggested by the map at left, are not quickly apparent. Tokyo is not only the world's largest and ugliest city but also the most difficult in which to navigate. There are no street names or numbers. Bewildered, many tourists throw themselves on the mercy of one of the enormous tour agencies, which seem, at first glance, to be the only means of getting about. There is not a corner of Japan that has not been fitted into a package tour: Tokyo by Night, the Tokaido Highway, the Ise Shrine, the Inland Sea. Kyoto, Nara, the Pearl Islands, the Fuji Lakes, Shogunate Nikko. By all means look into the tours—even use them. The Tokyo by Night tour is the only reasonable way of sampling the otherwise expensive splendors of Tokyo night-club life. But hear this: group touring in Japan was set up for the retired bankers and school-teachers who were the pioneer American tourists to the Orient. The Japanese tourist business has not yet recognized the arrival

of the younger, more adventurous travelers, willing to take the pleasures of discovery along with the knocks of getting lost. Below are tips for these adventurers, to help them about Japan on their own.

You should remember to carry the card of your hotel whenever you go out, so that a taxi can get you back. Have the hotel desk write, in Japanese, the whereabouts of the places you want to go during the day, and give these to your taxi driver.

There are 25,000 bars in Tokyo, most of them no bigger than a Manhattan kichenette. Best bets when barhopping are the bars that belong to the San-tory whisky chain. The best-looking women in Japan are the hostesses at the expensive night-clubs. As a result, American women often feel that Tokyo at night is for men. (No Japanese wife goes out with the boys.) However, wives are welcome—whether they feel it or not.

Dr. Yoshio Hyama once described the Japanese as being like seabirds that live on a rock, eat fish and propagate. Fish they do eat—and they serve it in ways that may seem either wonderful or very strange indeed. The true adventurer will delight in *unagi*—thin slices of uncooked tuna or bonito on a mound of vinegared rice, the whole dipped in soy, chased with a thimble of sake. In addition to *sukiyaki* and *tempura*, the average American's idea of palatable Japanese food, there are many other foods. Westerners will like. The beef that comes from the area around Kobe, often called the best in the world, is the specialty of steak houses like Misono. Kobe steaks, cut in bite-size chunks, are broiled in front of you on a grill, along with baby onions and bean sprouts, and are eaten with chopsticks.

Like the French, the Japanese want to "taste" the season. In the winter this means the extraordinary strawberries that grow on

terraces facing the sun above the sea in Atami. In the fall it means the *matasake*, the wild pine mushroom. These appear in soups, with tempura, and especially as companions to game—pheasant cooked in hot sake, venison grilled over an open charcoal pit in such restaurants in Tokyo as Akahane and Takamura.

Tokyo is the greatest bazaar in the Orient. To get an idea of what is available, and at what price, tour Takashimaya Department Store. Then you will have a basis for comparison in the arcades all over Japan.

Despite the sense of excitement in Tokyo, the best way to enjoy Japan is to get out of the city. Train travel is superb. For the sports-minded, Fuji-Hakone is first choice in almost any season—and absolutely incomparable in fall. There are golf courses; there is water skiing on Lake Ashi; there are hikes through maple and bamboo groves; there is fishing in lakes and streams, particularly for trout and black bass. There are health spas of all sorts. And most of all, there is Fuji. Stay either at the Fujaya in Miyazoshita or in one of the beautiful inns. A tip on inns—carry a small English-Japanese dictionary. A tip on baths—in the country, bathing is often mixed. No one staves. The G.I. is steeled in Tokyo, and baths in Tokyo are no longer mixed.

In the spring, when a million tourists crowd every shrine to see the cherry blossoms, take one of the small steamers that cruise the Inland Sea. Try to work out your itinerary so you can stop at the Tokowa Inn in Takamatsu on the island of Shikoku. It may well be the best inn in Japan. In Beppu, on Kyushu, the spas pack you in hot sand: this treatment is supposed to cure everything, including the gloom of a gray Monday. In Kyoto, the heart of old Japan, see the shrines and go to the ancient capital of Nara. In Kyoto also shoot the

continued

rapids, an eight-mile trip down the Houtu river. For nature lovers, Núiikut, two hours by train from Tokyo, is famous for its autumn leaves. It also has trout fishing and, in winter, a quiet, New England kind of charm, with ice skating and sledding.

HONG KONG

Hong Kong's reputation as a Korvette-by-the-Sea has done as much to lure Americans across the Pacific as has the jet. But the prosperity brought to duty-free Hong Kong by bargain hunters has placed the city in a dilemma. Prices are going up. Pearls and cameras, cashmere and custom tailoring are still extraordinary buys—if you know what you are doing. Do not buy anything that could possibly have been exported by Communist China (presumptive merchandise it is called, and it is illegal to bring it back to the U.S.) unless the shops can give you a Comprehensive Certificate of Origin. Be prepared to go through the toughest customs in the U.S. if you return through Honolulu.

The most important change in Hong Kong this year has been caused by the opening of the Hilton and the Mandarin hotels on the island side of Hong Kong harbor. There is nothing wrong with the brand-new President, and such other hotels on the mainland—or Kowloon—part of the Colony as the Ambassador, the Park and the Miramar. The splendid old Peninsula, with two of the best restaurants in the Colony—Gaddi's and the Marco Polo—is even more splendid with newly decorated bedrooms. But, to seasoned Hong Kong hands, the island, center of government and business, is the best side—truly Hong Kong. Both the Hilton and the Mandarin have spectacular roof dining rooms. The Hilton also has a fine swimming pool—most welcome after a day around the dirty, crowded streets. Furthermore, the Hilton's Den, the most popular new built in the Colony, features a swinging Italian trio and waitresses in the suggestively elegant in town.

No matter how cozy you feel in these American-style hotels, try to rouse yourself at least once a

day to eat out. Hong Kong has marvelous Chinese food, in varieties never dreamed of by the Christmas gourmet. One gets a good introduction to this variety in the "walking cafeterias"—the Sky Room, and the Cafe de Chine. Girls parade by with trays of food—as many as 80 different dishes. Lunch for two, with beer, will not exceed \$4. Every great dish from the varied cuisines of mainland China can be found in Hong Kong. For Peking duck or green cabbage with chicken sauce, go to the Peking. For cold chicken in peanut and sesame sauce and other Shanghai delights, there is Ivy's. For hot pot and grilled Mongolian barbecue, the Pak Lai Shan. This is in the Sui Wo Wong, sailor-bar part of town. The food is hot—best in the winter. For bagar's chicken—wrapped in lotus leaves, then baked in mud that has to be cracked with a hammer—try Ten Hong Lau, on the Kowloon side. In true Chinese tradition, none of these restaurants makes any pretense of being "decorated." They are bound to be noisy too, since the contemporary Hong Kong businessman usually eats this excellent food with many tumblers of French brandy raised in toast to his guests.

Hong Kong's various clubs, aware of the importance of tourists to the Colony's well-being, have relaxed their British barriers and make visitors welcome. By applying to the Hong Kong Tourist Association, you can arrange to play tennis, bridge or golf. The Royal Hong Kong Golf Club has three courses, and a letter from your club secretary gets you in. You can be admitted to the members' enclosure at Happy Valley track, have your travel agent apply two weeks in advance of a Saturday race. However, the thing to do in Hong Kong is to get out on the water. Not even Rut has a more exciting harbor. There is a sleek junk for hire from Owner Gerald Godfrey, \$28 per half day, with crew. The brigantine Han Fu sails each day at sunset over to the fishing village of Aberdeen. Dinner at a floating Chinese restaurant, drinks and the sail cost \$12. Every evening, at the party that forms the typhoon shelter, there are rows of sam-

pans, decorated with twinkling lights. For \$2 an hour, sampans will row you through the "sampler city," where, they tell you, 300,000 of Hong Kong's refugees live afloat. Finally, if you are a yachtsman with half a ton of money, buy a boat. You will save from 20% to 30% over American prices, and the duty is only 10%. American Marine makes nothing smaller than 30 feet. Cheoy Lee Shipyard sent 200 boats to the U.S. last year, motor and sail, from 25 feet to 60 feet. They also make junks—a 30-foot junk without engine costs \$5,000.

MACAO

Macao is a fascinating Oriental anachronism—a Portuguese colony with 17th century Portuguese architecture—only 3½ hours from Hong Kong by air-conditioned ferry or 15 minutes by seaplane. You can pick up a Macao visa at the ferry pier for \$2. The quiet streets along the still harbor attract many Hong Kong residents on weekends. But in the evening Macao is far from quiet. It is a sort of Portuguese-Chinese Monte Carlo. There are live casinos—three for Chinese workers, two that cater to the tourist. The games at the Swimming Pool casino and the Macao Palace are roulette, Fan-tan, black jack, boule and craps. There are several small, good hotels, the Bela Vista, the Vila Tai Yip and the Macao Inn. The food is good—a mixture of Portuguese and Chinese—and also the least expensive in the East. At the Macao Inn a Portuguese version of bouillabaisse costs 36c. At Long Koi a lunch of fried rice, birds, frogs' legs with vegetables, crab with black bean sauce, and chicken liver soup, a cocktail and beer costs \$1.50 per person.

THE PHILIPPINES

Most planned-travel itineraries read Bangkok-Hong Kong-Tokyo; the Philippines are off the mainline of Pacific touring, but Manila is only two and a quarter hours from Hong Kong by air, a pleasant two nights and a day on an American President liner. The old Manila Hotel ran

"I shall return" period piece, part and parcel of the World War II nostalgia that hangs over the city. One of Manila's principal sightseeing destinations is the shell-scared cave on Corregidor. And if you ever wondered when became of the wartime big band, it is here, holding forth in a dozen spectacular nightclubs along Roxas Boulevard, playing Arrie Shaw one minute, cha-cha-cha the next. There are beaus of hostesses—in wartime they were called B-girls—available for dancing and conversation for \$2.50 an hour. There is, moreover, a disarming notice at the entrance to all Philippine drinking places: "Please check your dreams at the door."

The most interesting nightspot in town is the Sky Room, atop the jai alai fronton. Your water places your feet. Food in the Philippines is a mixture of Spanish and Igorot. One specialty is suckling pig, stuffed with tamarind leaves and roasted on a spit. Another is *lupin-lupin escabeche*, a fried fish with sweet and sour sauce. Native San Miguel beer is a perfect accompaniment.

But the real lure of traveling to the Philippines lies in the immediate future. For with proper development, the Philippines could surpass even Hawaii as a sportsman's paradise. Already there are excellent golf courses in Manila and in Baguio, a mountain resort. In the rice fields outside Manila there is a tremendous variety of fowl and game: snipe, dove, duck and partridge, all with liberal limits and seasons. Wild pigs are everywhere. The crocodile and the emurron, a wild bull, are special quarry. In the waters around the 7,000 islands there are wahoo, yellowfin tuna, barracuda, sailfish, marlin and dolphins. The only thing lacking is a charterboat fleet. The Manila Yacht Club, not yet abused by floods of tourist requests, is very cooperative about taking visitors out.

One new development could set an example for future investors: the Davon Insular Hotel, on the island of Mindanao, has beaches, golf, tennis, snorkeling, water skiing, sailing and two charter fishing boats. It is the best-equipped resort in the Philippines for handling the visitor

who would rather come to the islands for their superb sport than for wartime memories.

CAMBODIA

It is not easy to fit Phnompenh, capital of Cambodia, into the schedule of an Oriental trip. Only a few flights a week go to Phnompenh from Bangkok, Hong Kong or Singapore. It is even more difficult to plan a trip up to Siem Reap, the site of the ruins of Angkor—a lone DC-3 flies there. However, the extra effort is definitely worthwhile if the current political situation does not interfere with visas. Phnompenh looks like a town in the south of France, but one that has experienced an Oriental mutation. Stay at the Royal, which has a swimming pool, air conditioning—and the hardest hotel bed you ever slept on. Eat at Bar Jean, a true bistro. But the real reason for coming to Cambodia is to visit Angkor and see the Khmer temples, which were abandoned to the jungle 500 years ago. Be sure to allow enough time to study the ruins. One night is not enough—two are. Do not miss Angkor Thom, with its giant human faces, as well as Angkor Wat. Ta Prohm is left as it was found, its tumbling stones held together by the entwining roots of banyan trees. While at Angkor, stay at the Auberge des Temples. It has just been enlarged from 40 to 75 rooms to house the cast of *Lord Jim*, which will be filmed there this winter.

THAILAND

Twenty-two airlines fly into Bangkok, third most popularity for Oriental tourists (after Tokyo and Hong Kong). A visitor's first reaction is likely to be, "Why did I bother?" The streets are an unbelievable jam, and the humidity could be squeezed out of the air with your bare fist. However, once ensconced in the air-conditioned comfort of the Erawan, with its pool, its good bar, its fine restaurants (La Cave is one of the best European-style restaurants east of Suez), things look up considerably. And once you view the temple and palace complexes, the dusty road you traveled from the airport seems

almost like the yellow brick road to Oz. The shopping is first-rate. Not only is there Jim Thompson's, with his world-famous Thai silk—at \$4 per yard or so, about one-quarter Stateside prices—but now a new establishment called Design Thai. For this unusual store Jacqueline Ayer, an American, has used Thompson's beautiful silks and designed blouses, dresses, skirts, coats and suits to American taste and sizes. Shirts are \$30, sleeveless blouses \$12, a three-piece Thai silk suit, \$70.

Shoppers with a taste for the Oriental can find bronze Buddha heads, tinos and hands, gold-leaf carvings of temple angels, elephant howdahs that turn into low seats and early Thai porcelain bowls and plates.

Thai food is so hot that most tourists are afraid to try it. At the Salinot, the use of the *prak-ee-woi*, the Thai chili, is modified for the foreign palate. The *prai jai* menu—\$6 for dinner for two with drinks—includes *sawr* (small pieces of chicken dipped in coconut and grilled on bamboo shoots), *kaeng kai* (fermented chicken and coconut served in a coconut shell), *mee kraab* (fried rice noodles), fried prawns, and a frozen dessert of coconut milk, egg and sugar. There is much talk at cocktail parties in Thailand about tiger shooting, but it would take a visitor at least six weeks to get a gun permit—or his own gun out of customs—even if permits to shoot tiger were being given at the time. A tourist would have no difficulty getting a guest card to the Bangkok Sports Club (see page 78). The Gulf of Sum is rumored to be filled with game fish, but there is no boat equipped to take one out. You can, however, skin-dive around the reefs at Pataya, two hours south of Bangkok.

MALAYSIA

Kuala Lumpur, hub of the new Federation of Malaysia, is a prosperous, flower-filled city with architecture that is a mixture of Victorian Exposition and Arabian Nights mosque. The city's chief fascination is the entrepôt character it shares with Singapore. Englishmen play

cricket on the lawn in front of the Selangor Club. Sikhs in turbans and Malay boys in sarongs watch from the sideline. The Merlin is a pleasant hotel, air-conditioned, with no charge for laundry or shoeslimes. The best Chinese food is at Kum Leng, best Indian at Bilal. The most interesting way to eat Malay food is to go to the Saturday night market on Campbell Road, where *sateh*—bamboo skewers of chicken, beef and mutton, dipped in coconut and cooked over charcoal braziers—cost 5¢ each. You can easily get a visitor's card to play golf at Kuala Lumpur at the Selangor Golf Club courses (\$1, Nov. 25). Or better yet, play a cooler game at Cameron Highlands, a hill station that the British colonialists turned into a first replica of Scotland. There are two 18-hole courses. Stay at the Smoke House Inn.

Penang, a two-hour flight from K.L., is called "sillylic" in Malay guide books. Not true, but it is interesting—a kind of miniature Hong Kong, a Chinese-populated free-port island a short ferry ride from the mainland. The beaches are pretty enough, the swimming excellent, but the facilities are a bit Spartan. Shopping is cheap and good, but if you have been to Hong Kong, or are going to Singapore, skip Penang.

Unlike Thailand, Malaya welcomes hunters, and game warden will arrange both guides and dogs at little or no charge. Customs clearance and firearm licenses can be obtained in one day. No license is required to shoot leopard, wild pig or panther. A permit, good for 30 days, for elephant, tiger and seladang, a wild buffalo, is \$30 per head. Safari in Malaya is nothing like Africa—you are in the world's thickest rain forests, and quarry is seldom seen at more than 30 yards.

Singapore, largest city in the new Malaysia, sits, steaming, 77 miles north of the equator. Except to dedicated Maughamists, it is not a first-rate tourist town. There is very little to see, and most sport is strictly behind the enclosures of British clubs that do not welcome foreigners unless they are well connected and

introduced. The Raffles Hotel remains one of Singapore's star attractions. Its bedrooms are the size of billiard parlors and just as well decorated. The air conditioning, circa 1937, is a bigger threat to health than the tap water. But Raffles is Raffles. At its Elizabethan Grill, have the Australian rock oysters and *kras*, a grilled Singapore fish. The Singapore, just opened, is a first-class modern hotel. The Cockpit is the favorite of foreign correspondents, small but comfortable, with an excellent restaurant. And this is only one of a host of fine eating places, for Singapore's greatest virtue is its food, particularly the Chinese cooking, which is almost the equal of Hong Kong's. The Shanghai and the Man Lam are both excellent restaurants. Shopping may be less expensive than in Hong Kong, but the service and the variety are not as good. One thing special is Javanese batik, in sarong lengths.

AND THE REST

Zooming inflation and the discomfort and chaos of its travel facilities make Indonesia—Java, Sumatra, Bali, the Celebes and Borneo—a place to pass up for now. Taiwan is dull except for superb food—which is equaled by Hong Kong—and its mountains and lakes, which are surpassed by Japan. Burma's Shwe Dagon, covered with gold, is one of the largest Buddhist shrines in the world, but Burma is not issuing visas to U.S. tourists at present. There is no reason for the traveler to visit Brunei, either, or Sarawak or North Borneo. Laos and Vietnam—not now. But Vietnam—definitely—later. For when things settle down, Saigon is one of the most charming cities in the Orient. Korea has glorious scenery but is not well equipped for tourism yet, however, you can catch a whale there—a whale-boat charter is \$150 a day.

One last point: a round-the-world, tourist-class air ticket costs \$1,263, only \$35 more than a New York-to-Bangkok round-trip ticket. So if you are planning to go as far as Bangkok, you may as well have the fun of going all the way around.

END

A gift for impersonating Tom Jones and Martin Luther in a hit movie and a hit play at the same time is a happy thing, but **Albert Finney** might very well give it back for tuppenceworth of his father's talent. At home in London, Mr. Finney Sr. is a turf accountant, or bookie, as they say in crude old New York and Las Vegas. "The only reason I went into show business," his son Albert confessed when the two of them dropped in at *Aqueduct* the other day, "is that I had no talent for picking winners."

Looking every bit as sleek and slim as the shiny new *Shinagawa* alleys themselves, the two pretty daughters (*below*) of Japan's Premier **Hayato Ikeda** turned up to give the sport of bowling a big sendoff in Tokyo. Pretty 23-year-old *Nariko Ikeda* (right)

cut the ribbon that officially opened the bowling center, which claims to be the world's largest. Pretty 21-year-old *Sachiko Ikeda* rolled out the first ball.

Critics who claim to know gave only an E for effort to the new captain of the White House pool swimming team, **Lyndon B. Johnson**, they said, "swims only to get to the other end of the pool. His purpose is exercise."

Airports are no places to boast about "bombing the Celtics"—or so **Gene Conley** found out last week at New York's La Guardia as he took a plane for Boston. An alert attendant heard the threat, turned in an alarm and before the startled New York Knickerbocker center could organize a fast break, he was telling the FBI that the bomb

scare was only a manner of speaking. As it turned out, the Celtics bombed the Knicks.

Unseasonably thin and dripping wet, **Santa Claus** appeared at a San Francisco shopping center minus his beard and his reindeer. His heavily press-agented arrival was supposed to be by parachute, but a stiff wind blew him west of the target and into the bay. Rescued by passing surfers, the kindly saint was paddled ashore and rushed to his planned destination by ambulance. "It was all very embarrassing," said Santa, emerging, clean-shaven and dry at last, as **Sky Diver** **Ron Young**. "I've had 502 jumps, you know."

Chatting in Moscow with his nation's soccer team on the eve of their defeat by the U.S.S.R., **Italian Ambassador** to Russia **Alberto Serrano** recalled that **Nikita Khrushchev** once confessed to being a former soccer player. What position? "He told me he was some kind of forward," said the ambassador, with a diplomat's caution.

In an apparent effort to find out how earth man lives, doctors who have been examining America's astronauts clapped a specially wired girdle on Boston Bruin Hockey Coach **Milt Schmidt** to test his reactions during a game with league-leading Chicago. The test failed to put Schmidt into orbit, but it managed somehow to lift the Bruins out of the NHL cellar as they beat the Black Hawks 2-1.

The man who made a mess out of **SMERSH**—Russia's top espionage apparatus—has gone into trade. While Au-

thor **Ian Fleming** rakes in the royalties, his sexy secret agent **James Bond** is busy in almost every other British ad these days selling sportswear (**James Bond Secret Agent** Topcoats, **James Bond** Shoes) and even boats. "James Bond," reads an ad in the current issue of an English yachting magazine, "makes his getaway once again, this time in a **Fairey Huntress** at 31 knots."

The odds-on favorite when 30 members of the House of Representatives get together to play a golf tournament at Palm Beach next week is Congressman **Jack Westland** (R., Wash.). Congressman Westland not only shot a hole in one at the **Saint-Nom-la-Breche** course in Paris some time ago, but he happens also to be a onetime (1952) **National Amateur** champion. Other potential title winners (according to Republican handicappers, anyway): best putter, **Leslie Arends** of Illinois, a Republican; best driver, **Robert Michel** of Illinois, a Republican; longest ball hitter, **William Bates** of Massachusetts, a Republican; most likely to spend most time in the rough, **Edward Boland** of Massachusetts, a Democrat.

"If I gotta pay that kind of money to carpet my floors," said the outraged **Phoenix**, **Ariz.** householder on getting an estimate from the local floor-covering store, "I might as well buy the company." And with that, **Dizzy Dean**, who used to strike out more batters and murder more English than anybody, wrote out a check for what promptly became the **Dean-Poladian Carpet Co.**

J. TANIGUCHI





IT'S GETTING THE SEASON when folks in Jack Daniel's Hollow most like to sit around and tell stories, especially on one another.

The stove in Jack Daniel's old office draws a lot of story-tellers this time of year. They like to tell about such things as when someone's prize foxhound treed a screech owl. But before long, one of the old-timers will start talking about Jack Daniel. That generally brings up what he said about making whiskey and how all the Motlows since have held to his word. And, as you can imagine, that's no joking matter.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

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Consider the lie before hitting the wedge



When the lie is good (above), the ball is played off the left heel and the club face is square to the hole. Only if the lie is bad (below) is it necessary to open the club face and move the ball slightly to the rear



Nothing is more irritating to a golfer than to sky a wedge shot on one hole and skull it on the next. There you are within birdie range, only to make a bogey or worse. The humiliation caused by these shots is matched only by their frequency. The most common mistake on the full wedge shot is trying to hit it too hard. The result is a loss of rhythm and timing on a shot that needs a great deal of rhythm and timing. You must remember that with a wedge, the ball is caressed, not assaulted.

There are two basic ways to play the wedge shot, depending on your lie. If the ball is sitting well down in the grass, it is likely that blades of grass will get between the club face and the ball at impact. Play the ball back toward the right foot a little and open the face of the club. This will help eliminate the excessive overspin that grassy lies usually cause. You should aim the shot to the left of the hole because the ball will fade. On the downswing, bring the club through the ball at a steep enough angle to take quite a bit of turf, and use a full follow-through. The follow-through is important because in resolving to make one you will force yourself to keep the swing smooth.

If the lie is a good one, however, not much turf should be taken after impact. The ball should be played in the same position that I feel all normal iron shots should be played, somewhere opposite the left heel. (Many pros teach that the ball should be moved back toward the right foot as the irons get shorter, but I do not agree.) The backswing should be upright and made with little hip turn. The idea, above all, is to concentrate on hitting the ball solidly without rushing or forcing the swing.

The All-Alien Football Team. Left end, Fred Allen, left tackle, Fred Allen; left guard, Fred Allen. Well, you get the idea. In 1939 New England Life was in its 105th year.



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ever year you were born. Write for more complete information and tell us your birthday. We'll reply by mail and include our new DIAL-A-YEAR, which gives insurance figures plus events and personalities from 1920 through 1939. Write: Dept. S6, 501 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02117.



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Dust off a place for the Davis Cup

Australia's own for years, the cup should return here after next week's Challenge Round

Almost every year at Christmas, the Australians remove the Davis Cup from its hiding place, polish it brightly and place it on a courtside table. It is there for foreign players to stare at, pose beside and perhaps touch, but not to take away. Only twice in the last 13 years has anyone taken the Davis Cup away from Australia. This year should provide the third occasion.

The Challenge Round will begin on the day after Christmas in Adelaide and, surprisingly, nearly everyone in Australia thinks the U.S. will win. Harry Hop-

man, the wily old Australian team coach, thinks so. So does Adrian Quist, former cup player. "It could be one of the closest contests we've seen in years," says Quist, "but if I had to pick a winner it would be the U.S."

There are five players on the invading U.S. team but, barring injury, only two of them will swing a racket in competition. One is Dennis Ralston, the tall, lanky redhead with a redhead's temper. In Australia this past month Ralston has played the best tennis of his career. He reached the finals of three successive tournaments, losing only once, and that on the day he learned of President Kennedy's death.

The other American player is Chuck McKinley, the best amateur player in the world when he is healthy. The problem is that no one is sure whether he is healthy or not. McKinley suffered a muscle spasm in his back during the U.S. nationals in August. Playing in Sydney a month ago, he strained his back again. Although he has been rallying without pain in practice, he has not dared test his back in singles competition, and McKinley, more than most players, needs competition to be at his best. When he takes the court in Adelaide next week he will not have played a tournament

singles match in more than a month.

The members of the U.S. team, it is pleasant to report, have acted like model citizens in Australia. It has not been easy. On reaching Sydney, the Americans had to swallow this with their morning orange juice: "One bright spot about Australia losing the Davis Cup," said the *Sydney Daily Mirror*, "would be that it would preserve us from further visits from a group of the most ill-mannered, arrogant bores ever assembled. They mix about as well as oil and water." Ralston, McKinley and the rest of the team bit their lips, thought their thoughts, but said nothing. Their conduct during the tournament at Sydney was so exemplary, in fact, that, as they left, the *Sydney Morning Herald* said, "They are exceptionally fine fellows . . . They make very pleasant companions."

Few Australians outside of sportswriters have had a chance to visit with the Americans, because Captain Bob Kelleher has had the team on a strict regimen. No drinking, no smoking, no parties is the rule. Following afternoon practice Kelleher has the players doing calisthenics with weights attached to their wrists and ankles to strengthen them. Under such a program Kelleher has no trouble enforcing his final rule: early to bed.

Once again Pancho Gonzalez, that old pro, is working with the U.S. team. Not only does Gonzalez supply the players with high-level competition, but he has a quick eye for picking out slight errors. Rallying with McKinley at Adelaide, he yelled across the net: "You're hitting the ball square on. Turn and hit it." He has a sharp needle, too. "You're worse than teaching a beginner," he growled at McKinley when McKinley began to ease off. When Gonzalez growls, kidding or not, the team pays attention.

It is not so much the strength of the American team that makes the Australians pessimistic as it is the apparent weakness of the Australian team. Where as the U.S. team is set—Ralston and McKinley in singles and doubles—no one is sure just who will be playing for Australia. Roy Emerson is on the team, that rangy farm boy with the deadpan expression who just a little over a year ago was better than any other amateur



U.S. CHANCES DEPEND HEAVILY ON THE CONDITION OF CHUCK MCKINLEY'S BACK

except Rod Laver. But whether it is business—Emerson is a public relations man for a tobacco company—or carelessness, Emerson has not been a good tennis player for many months. He was beaten at Forest Hills by Frank Froehling, a member of the U.S. team, and he has been beaten by Ralston twice during the past month. Nevertheless, Emerson will probably play singles and doubles for Australia.

An indication of Australia's distress is the return of Neale Fraser, now 30, from two years of retirement. Fraser, a big, good-looking left-hander with a powerful serve, forehand and net game, and a backhand Aunt Mabel could return, is a fighter, a player with a basically unsound game who for several years managed to beat anybody around. He won the U.S. nationals two straight years, 1959 and 1960, but he was younger then and in marvelous condition. This past month, attempting to regain his form, he has been hampered by a tennis elbow and by the heat of the Australian summer. Playing in a recent tournament, Fraser wilted badly in the third set and lost. At Adelaide, where the temperature can soar to 110° and where the Davis Cup matches will be best of five sets, Fraser will be at a severe physical disadvantage. Whether he will be used probably will not be determined until a few days before the matches begin.

If Harry Hopman decides Fraser is not ready, he will probably use Fred Stolle, a second-line player who beat Roy Emerson at Perth. The Australian doubles team will be Emerson with Fraser, Stolle or John Newcombe, the fourth member of the team.

Not in many years has the Australian Davis Cup picture been so confused. During the dozen years it has dominated Davis Cup play, Australia has always had at least a brace of outstanding players. It began with Sedgman and McGregor and moved on with Hoad and Rosewall, Cooper and Anderson and, finally, Fraser, Laver and Emerson. Now it is the U.S., with Ralston and McKinley, that has the strong pair. When the Davis Cup is placed on the court-side table this year, Australians had better take a good look at it. It may be some time before they see it again. **END**



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Ambush of a Don patrol

in a wild week of upsets, Oklahoma City whipped San Francisco's vaunted defenses with a superb exhibition of long-range sniping

Pete Peletta, the youthful coach of the University of San Francisco, was standing out in the cold in Detroit two years ago after his team's fourth straight defeat. An airline had lost his clothes, half his team had the flu, he was freezing and he could not get a cab. "Coach," said Jake Crawford, one of his players, "we just got buzzard's luck. Nothing will die and we can't kill nothing."

Since then, things have never been even close to that bad for Peletta and his men, but last week the Dons—the best USF squad since the halcyon days of Bill Russell—were caught in the same epidemic of buzzard's luck that caused upsets among a startling number of top teams. Besides San Francisco, NYU, Duke, Arizona State, Kansas State, Villanova and all three O States—Oregon, Oklahoma and Ohio—got bumped, while Loyola twice escaped by the hair of its chinny-chin-chin (see below).

Before USF's game with Oklahoma City University, the team lost one of its starting guards, Huey Thomas, who broke his ankle. Then, as Peletta and his boys were waiting at the airport for the plane that would take them to Oklahoma City, their trainer, Charles Newby, suffered a heart attack and died. Neither of these shocking losses, however, really can be blamed for the subsequent 97-84 defeat by OCU. The Dons have muscle and scoring power in Center Olie Johnson and Forward Dave Lee. They are well drilled and they can run. But the Chiefs of Oklahoma City—the tallest college team ever—may be the best outside shots since the Khyber Rifles. USF has two heritages—one is Jesuit and the other is defensive basketball—and nobody had ever scored more than 91 points on the Dons before (last year's average: 58.4). But Coach Peletta's well-laid defenses were simply riddled by the OCU shooters.

Peletta came to San Francisco from

Monterey Peninsula (junior) College four years ago. At 31, he was the youngest of 64 applicants for the job, and his selection was promptly greeted by questions like "who?" and "why?" He compounded the skepticism by being tough on his players. There is only one dormitory at USF, and when Peletta chewed out a player at practice, the whole student body would be mad at him by suppertime. "Pontius Pilate" was the nicest thing they called him. Since then Peletta has done some successful recruiting, his team has begun to win, his mood has mellowed and everyone on campus figures he is not so young and immature after all. He is, actually, a delightful man—the better to recruit; and an intense man—the better to coach. When he does relax he talks like one of those comedians named Joey, and there is always the suspicion that he is setting things up for a punch line.

Peletta's assistant, Phil Vukicevich, did what turned out to be an excellent scouting job on Oklahoma City. For all their height, the Chiefs are not good rebounders, and their defense consists of relying on their offense. "They give you lunch in order to get a sandwich for themselves," Peletta said. The only problem for USF, then, was stopping OCU's outside bombs. Oklahoma Coach Abe Lemons, who talks and philosophizes about three cans of corn this side of Andy Griffiths, will not even let his fine guard, Bud Koper, drive. "You get kicked and such in there," he says. "Koper now, he throws up a Nike missile—it just searches out that basket. Besides, I got all those other big 'uns in there if he does miss." The big 'uns range up to 7-foot Eddie Jackson, who for all intents and purposes is a guard. It was Jackson who broke up a close game with five straight jumpers at the top of the foul circle a few minutes into the second half. The Chiefs shot 54.9%, which is about normal for them.

The Dons were stunned by this exhibition. Apparently still in shock two nights later, they lost to Loyola of New Orleans 66-63. West of the Rockies nobody dares play that kind of shoot-'em-up basketball. Pete Peletta sat back in his hotel room a couple hours after the game and thought about it. "It's wrong to say, I guess," he said. "But what shooting! They hit six or seven in a row at one point, and all I could think was, 'Gee, that's beautiful.'"

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (6-1)
2. OKLAHOMA CITY (5-1) 3. WISC (5-0)

San Francisco's Pete Peletta wasn't the only one enchanted by OKLAHOMA CITY's press shooting. SMU's Doc Hayes, after watching Bud Koper lob in his pretty jump shots for 44 points to beat the frustrated Mustangs 95-90, was bug-eyed with admiration. "The greatest shooting I ever saw," gushed Doc. "I just had to go over and shake his hand." Against TCU, Koper came up with a cold hand, but sophomore James Wise and the other Chiefs fired away steadily, and the Frogs succumbed 67-62.

Southwest Conference favorite TEXAS was still winning, but the Longhorns weren't exactly stampeding anybody. Jim Clark tossed in five free throws in the last 52 sec-

onds to hold off LSU 70-65, then contributed a field goal, steal and two foul shots in the final minute to overturn Oklahoma 81-78. AUCF, meanwhile, looked like a contender. With 6-foot-10 Kendall Rhine and Larry Phillips doing the rebounding and scoring, the Oaks put down Tulane 90-62, Florida State 102-81 and Centenary 90-76.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NYU (4-1)
2. VILLANOVA (4-0) 3. NIAGARA (3-0)

Despite an abundance of talent that would make life serene for most coaches, NYU's Lou Rossini had big problems. His Violets managed to get by Northwestern 75-66 in Chicago but their helter-skelter attack and haphazard defense just were not good enough against Toledo in New York. The

ambitious Rockets possessed Barry Kramer and Happy Harston, NYU's big shooters, with a swarming man-to-man and, after a while, they even took command of the boards. Meanwhile Larry Jones and Bobby Williams, a pair of speedy, deft playmakers, spread the confused Wolves with wide patterns that let Jim Cox (he got 33 points) and Ray Wolford slip in for short jumpers and easy layups, and Toledo won 83-74.

VILLANOVA, after a delightful 97-48 warm-up with Scranton, found the game stickier in upstate New York. The Wildcats got by Buffalo 58-56 on Wally Jones's late six-point burst, but NIAGARA upset them, 63-57, as sophomores Art Coleman and George Phillips snapped up 28 rebounds. Seton Hall also lost its clean record, to ST. JOHNS. The young Redmen, working the patient offense that Coach Joe Lapchick prefers, surprised the Pirates 69-65. PROVIDENCE, out in the Midwest, looked like the Friars of old while outshooting St. Louis 72-66. But then DUKE scattered their scrambling defense with quick, sharp passes and won 82-64.

There were signs that ST. BONAVENTURE was about ready to crash the big time again. With Fred Crawford, a slick sharpshooter, piling up 64 points, the Bonnies ran away from Meabersville 111-86 and beat Xavier 87-82. TEMPLE, too, looked good while bombing Lehigh 66-38 and American 83-54. But Penn was outshot by MICHIGAN STATE 87-75. PRINCETON was counting its blessings, all of them named Bill Bradley. He got 27 points as the Tigers beat Lafayette 69-64 in double overtime and 31 in an 80-76 victory over Navy.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. KENTUCKY (6-0)
2. DAVIDSON (5-0) 3. VANDERBILT (5-0)

Southeastern Conference coaches have learned to be wary of Adolph Rupp, especially when he isn't claiming championships for KENTUCKY. But everyone knew that Rupp had All-America Cotton Nash and a swarm of brilliant sophomores to go with him, and he didn't fool a soul when he said recently, "I'd rather be a winner than a prophet." Last week, with Nash, Ted Deeken and sophomore Larry Conley moving in and out of the paint as if it were a revolving door and banging in baskets at a merry clip, and with Terry Mobley quarterbacking a searing fast break, Rupp's "Katzenjammers" smashed North Carolina 100-80 and Baylor 101-65.

VANDERBILT, however, isn't about to concede to Kentucky. It has the stars—6-foot-9 rebounder Clyde Lee and 6-foot playmaker John Ed Miller—to challenge the Wildcats. The Commodores had Duke down by 13 points, let the Blue Devils get away for an 85-83 tie and then whipped them 97-92 in overtime when Miller threw in 30 points to give him 33 for the game. Arkansas was easier for fan-breaking Yandy. The Hogs lost 104-77.

The rest of the SEC was a giant step behind. FLORIDA ran over Tampa 108-75,

continued



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AUBURN beat Southern Mississippi 80-74, TENNESSEE defeated East Tennessee 48-47 and Sewanee 55-31. But Mississippi State lost to MEMPHIS STATE 73-65, and Alabama bowed to TEXAS TECH 92-74.

DUKE finally got around to an Atlantic Coast foe and showed Clemson that a slow-down won't work against the Blue Devils. Big Jay Buckley scored 21 points, and Duke won easily, 75-52. North Carolina State suddenly became less of a threat. The Wolfpack was beaten by MARYLAND 72-62.

It was clear, too, that West Virginia's dominance of the Southern Conference is just about over. VMI, for the first time in 32 games, licked the Mountaineers, 68-64.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (4-0)

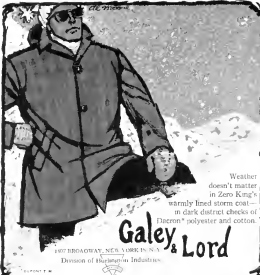
2. IOWA (4-0) 3. WISCONSIN (4-0)

DAVIDSON, the small southern school born on acquiring a big reputation, got a foothold on fame against Ohio State. The Wildcats turned loose Dick Snyder, Terry Holland and Fred Hetzel on a dazzling fast break, tied up the Bucks with a peppy, pressing defense and downed OSU, for the first time in 51 games at Columbus, 95-73. Meantime Coach Fred Taylor "We never even challenged them."

Two nights later MINNOUR came along and Ohio State didn't challenge the Tigers much either. Minnour plastered the Bucks 85-74. Then INDIANA'S Van Arsdale, Tom and Dick, with 51 points and 41 rebounds between them, demolished Minnour 100-76. All of which indicates that Ohio State is in for a long, hard winter in the Big Ten. MICHIGAN looked more and more like the Big Ten's best. Junior Bill Buntin and sophomore Cazzie Russell shot superbly and the Wolverines smothered Butler 80-70 and Western Michigan 104-81. IOWA and MINNESOTA were still unbeaten, too. Iowa edged St. Louis 78-77 and SMU 71-70. Minnesota trounced South Dakota 107-62.

UCLA'S Walt Hazzard, who makes it all work, was explaining his team's style before the Sunflower doubleheaders in Kansas. "We are a Mighty Mouse team," he said. "We lack size so we must depend upon speed, the zone press and a sagging defense to beat the big boys." So the precocious Bruins stunned up Kansas State's 6-foot-6 Willie Murrell aside, Hazzard bewildered the Wildcats with his slick passes, Gail Goodrich threw in 21 points, and UCLA won 78-75. The next night UCLA surrounded Kansas' 6-foot-7 George Urdul with three men and held him to three points. Hazzard and Goodrich shot for 44, and the Bruins won again, 74-54. USC supplied the only comfort for the home team. The Trojans lost to KANSAS 60-52 and to K-STATE 82-58.

Winning was coming harder for NCAA Champion LOYOLA. Detroit took the Ramblers into overtime before losing 111-108.



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and then Western Michigan's little Manny Newsome scored the daylight out of them. He pitched in 44 points, and Loyola had to hang on desperately to win 105-102. Undeclared CREIGHTON won three big ones, over Idaho State 63-61, Arizona State 84-83 and Utah State 96-91 in double overtime.

BRADLEY coming off a splendid 92-85 victory over Arizona State, was ready to press and run against WICHITA. But Wichita's Ralph Miller had other ideas. He shut off the Braves' running game with a semislow-down and kept the pressure off his big Nate Bowman underneath by putting it on Bradley outside. Bowman got the rebounds, Dave Stallworth got 24 points, and the Shockers took the game 56-50.

CINCINNATI, ball-controlling in its old familiar pattern, was out in front of Wisconsin 56-42 on the shooting of Ron Bonham when the Bearcat system suddenly collapsed. Cincy, no longer fearsome, had to resort to a cat-and-mouse stall to come away with a 65-60 victory.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (6-0)
2. STANFORD (2-0) 3. OREGON STATE (6-0)

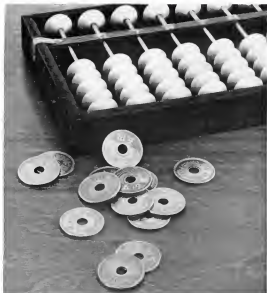
While the West's preseason favorites—San Francisco and Arizona State—were sadly learning the hard facts of life at scattered points around the country and UCLA was adding to its already substantial prestige in the Midwest, CALIFORNIA pulled off the major surprise of the young season at Berkeley. Cal hit Oregon State with a withering full-court press on Friday night, and the Beavers lost their posse and, too often, the ball. What's more, the Bears' 6-foot-10 Camden Wall treated State's 7-foot Mel Counts shamefully. He screened Counts out underneath the basket, held him to two field goals, scored 17 points himself, and Cal won 65-55. The next night Counts demonstrated that he had learned his lessons. He picked off 16 rebounds, scored 17 points, gave Wall only a single field goal, and OREGON STATE won 61-49.

OKLAHOMA STATE'S invasion of the West was pure disaster. After whipping Brigham Young 71-64, the usually cautious Cowboys lost four starters on fouls and the ball game to REGIS 62-59. COLORADO STATE, a past master at the slowdown, then beat Oklahoma State at its own game 58-49. SEATTLE, with a new coach (Bob Boyd) and a new system but with the same urgency about scoring, followed John Tresvant, a 6-foot-7 leaper, to easy victories over St. Mary's 84-60, Montana State 97-75 and Idaho State 91-67.

UTAH's perspicacious Jack Gardner, who pumps his nervous stomach by swinging milk on the sideline, last week had the look of a man who has been drinking cream. His Radskins, playing unaccustomed good defense, romped over Pacific 90-72, Texas A&M 98-71, St. Mary's 72-60 and were still unbeaten after five games.

END

103



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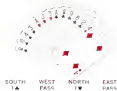
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A quiz to test empathy across the table

To find out just how good your present bridge partnership is, you and your partner should separately answer the questions in this quiz. If you agree in your answers, it will not matter that you disagree with mine. However, even if your partner agrees with you instead of me, the point awards must stand as given with the answers on page 120. I think you will find the awards reasonable, if not generous.

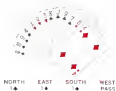


- 1 Neither side vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid now?

- 2 North-South vulnerable.
As South you hold:



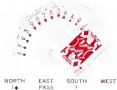
What do you bid now?

- 3 Neither side vulnerable.
As South you hold:



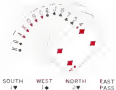
What do you bid now?

- 4 Neither side vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid?

- 5 Neither side vulnerable.
As South you hold:



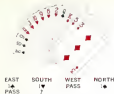
What do you bid now?

- 6 Both sides vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid now?

- 7** Neither side vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid now?

- 8** Neither side vulnerable.
As South you hold:



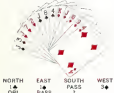
What do you bid now?

- 9** Neither side vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid now?

- 10** Neither side vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid now?

- 11** Neither side vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid?

- 12** Neither side vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid now?

- 13** East-West vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid now?

- 14** North-South vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid now?

- 15** Both sides vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid?

- 16** Both sides vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid now?

- 17** Both sides vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid now?

- 18** Both sides vulnerable.
As South you hold:



What do you bid?

See page 120 for the answers

THE HERITAGE OF HIROSHIGE

AMERICA'S FOREMOST YACHTSMAN-AUTHOR, CARLETON MITCHELL, MAKES THE FIRST MAJOR REPORT ON SAILING THE COASTAL WATERS OF JAPAN, WHOSE WOOD-BLOCK BEAUTY HE DESCRIBES AS THE STIMULATING CLIMAX TO ALMOST HALF A CENTURY OF OCEAN RACING AND CRUISING OVER THE WORLD

CONTINUED





Christa Blum

SAILOR'S ODYSSEY ON A SHORE OF CONTRAST

Masts shrouded the peaks and trapped night shadows in the valleys as *Andrea Gail* crept between the sheltering arms of the breakwater of Ito. In the strange light the sea was almost the color of eggplant, purple overtones against gray granite offshore rocks, with the subdued dark green of pines flowing down to the water's edge. Sampans, seen as though through gauze, tended nets buoyed by logs, while seabirds fluttered above. Sitting in the cockpit as the bow began to rise to a southerly swell, I felt suspended in time and place.

Beneath the overcast, the hands of the clock advanced but the morning did not. The Izu Peninsula remained elusive, withdrawn. Then, as we neared Tsumeki Saki, a rip appeared in the cloud cover. Suddenly a freshening breeze had torn away the mist, providing an unveiling of Japan, staged, it seemed, for my special benefit. Now the sea was jade green, paler near the crests. Near the shore it was no longer lazy, crashing down to spout white geysers against the forested slopes.

Wedge myself between mast and shrouds to see better, I stared at the land, which looked like an ancient wood-block print by Hiroshige come to life. Row on row of mountains marched to the sea from the central inland spine, as abruptly contoured as crumpled balls of paper, each separate, each somehow asserting individuality. Here a single pine stood alone, sharply etched on a point, inviting the eye to put a frame around it; there trees ran down a cleft in a sweeping avalanche of forest green. In all of it one could sense the textures and shapes in nature that have inspired generations of Japanese artists. Usually, to a voyager who has seen much of the world, a new land evokes memories of something already experienced. Now no comparisons suggested themselves.

As we raised the lighthouse on the top of Iro Saki the waves became taller and steeper. Compressed between the tip of the Izu Peninsula and the off-lying islet of Mikomoto Shima, the current rushes and boils, 2.5 knots under normal conditions according to the chart, more according to local navigators. Open to the whole sweep of the Pacific and with a rocky shoal bank stretching out to add to the turbulence, the sea takes on something of the form and substance of the conical dragon's-tooth boulders strewn along the shore.

In the time-honored fashion of sailing vessels confronted by head winds and steep head seas, *Andrea Gail* slowed to let her crew admire the scenery. A 45-foot cutter designed and built in Japan by lifelong resident John Laffin, *Andrea Gail* is part of a small but growing ocean racing fleet, for offshore sailing as a sport is just beginning in Japan. She had been chartered for my cruise from Michael Sodano,

an ex-Marine Corps colonel, now president of General Electric Japan. Mike had been prevented by business from being aboard for the first day's run. With John Laffin, Mike Jr. and Tokyo attorney Jim Hoffman, plus Sato and Hoshi, the *Gail's* boat boys—"boy" in the Orient can cover a vast range of ages—we were making the 78-mile run from Ito on Sagami Bay, around the Izu Peninsula to Shimizu on Suruga Bay, where Mike was to join us.

For a while it looked as though we would stay right off Iro Saki. Spray drove aft in sheets, the wake lay as a serpentine trail across the seas astern, but *Andrea Gail* seemed to be making no progress. Farther offshore a parade of coasters drove through the slot inside Mikomoto Shima. Slowly, however, our bearings began to change. Now we were sighting around the corner of Izu, along a coast rug-



ged and bleak, with off-lying islets and surf thundering even in the coves. We rounded the windward cape and gratefully eased the main and forestaysail to the fairing breeze. Now the coast began to unroll like a painted screen as the *Golf* swooped over the crests, with Sato and Hoshi tending a fishing line astern.

The wind we had been fighting all morning and now rode so swiftly was the tail end of a summer typhoon. Earlier in the week the full fury of the storm had been upon Japan, delaying our departure by several days. Rather than waste those days, Jim Hoffman, an old Japan hand, suggested we take a land cruise by hiring a car and driving part of the Tokaido Road, the ancient highway linking Tokyo with the former capital of Kyoto.

Through the centuries the Tokaido has been the principal artery of Japan, the scene not only of continuing pageantry but of history itself. Jim and I set forth with a bound folio of Hiroshige's famous *Fifty-three Stages of Tokaido* across our knees, wood-block prints depicting the

road as the artist saw it in the 1830s. We dined only in Japanese restaurants and slept on the *tatami* mat floors of Japanese inns; I ate raw octopus, rice and seaweed for breakfast and began to speak a few recognizable phrases. I learned the ritual of the bath, managed to sustain life with chopsticks and easily fell in with the custom of chain-drinking pale-green tea from an endless succession of handleless cups. Hot sake became as natural as a chilled *vin blanc*. Sitting, now, in the cockpit of *Andrea Golf*, I felt I had come to know a little something of Japan, and I liked it enormously.

As we entered farther into Suruga Bay the seas diminished and so did the wind. The boys stopped fishing to help set a jib topsail, while the headlands and villages of Izu sped past with delightful variety in form and name. Gradually our course for Shimizu took us into open water, and the land was swallowed in the summer haze. Through the afternoon we glided along. Ship's routine was disturbed only by a succession of fish being taken on the feather lure trailing astern: small tuna, mackerel and dolphin, perfect for the frying pan or for *sashimi*, thin slices cut across the filleted strip, eaten raw after dipping in soya sauce and grated horseradish. Having watched fishing lines fruitlessly trolled behind sailing boats in many parts of the world, the surfeit the boys were bringing in was a pleasant contrast.

Toward sunset, off a long sandy point called Miho, my daylong reverie was interrupted when Jim glanced off to starboard and said casually, "Look, there is Fuji." By a trick of haze and lighting, the mountain had been hidden earlier. Now a towering cloud behind was tinted delicate rose, gold at the edges, an odd effect almost like a halo. Against the cloud was silhouetted the symmetrical perfection of Fujiyama, Fuji-san, to early Japanese a meeting place of heaven and earth, the home of the gods.

Strangely, as the sun dropped below the horizon and the sky darkened into night, the illumination of Fuji became more brilliant, until it completely dominated the land to the north. This moment seemed almost the climax of a long sailing career, to be looking at Fujiyama from a small boat's deck, a romantic feeling which did not entirely diminish even when we entered the harbor of Shimizu, redolent both of fish from the moored fleet and of petroleum from the huge refinery near by. Always in Japan one finds a contrast between the subtle and the crude, beauty and raw commercialism, ancient and modern, East and West.

After one look at the busy port, Jim and I decided to seek solace in a totally different facet of Oriental culture, the Japanese inn. Now, as a sailor unabashed in his appreciation of the finer things of the shore, let me go on record as classifying an *ichibau*—a No. 1, a first-quality—in as among the more civilized works of man. In a typical Japanese inn a wave of solicitude sweeps out and engulfs the

continued



guest at the entrance. Kimonoed maids bow deeply, flutter and bow deeply again. Somehow you are divested of your baggage, down to the smallest item. You have changed from shoes to slippers to walk the halls, are guided through a labyrinth of passages offering a succession of lovely but minuscule views of shrubbery, running water and rock, you halt suddenly to remove the slippers and step onto the mat of your room. More bows, more flutter, and the *shoji*, the paper screen that serves as a door, slides shut.

Underfoot the *tatami* is softer than any carpet, for beneath the visible woven cover is a thick pad of rice husks. There is no clutter of furniture, only a low lacquer table flanked by cushions and perhaps backrests. In an alcove will be a painting, or a scroll, and a flower arrangement. Beyond is a smaller room, opening on a garden.

Soundlessly the *shoji* opens, and a maid appears with a damp towel tightly rolled and presented in a little wicker basket, plus tea—both likely to be hot in winter, chilled in summer. You get out your Japanese dictionary, master your scant vocabulary and convey the idea that you will enjoy the *o-furo*, the honorable bath, immediately, and will dine afterward. Kneeling on the *tatami* and bowing head to floor, the maid withdraws.

After the bath you don a *yukata*, a cotton robe provided every guest on arrival, rendering negligible the usual traveler's problem of what to wear. You wear the *yukata* bearing the inn's device as long as you are a guest. Dinner will be served in your room, the food arranged on porcelain or lacquer dishes and howls that are subtly complementary in color and texture. Table d'hôte is the rule, and this is ideal for the gastronomic adventurer, as it provides a sampling of the Japanese cuisine which could never be selected from a menu by a stranger.

After dinner there is another barrage of bowing and fluttering. Somehow the dining table has disappeared and in its place a *futon* has been spread, a thick quilted mattress laid directly on the *tatami*. Close at hand on the floor are placed a night-light, an ashtray with matches, a carafe of water and, if you insist on keeping the garden *shoji* open, slow-burning insect repellent. A tea service and thermos of hot water have been put on a table in the smaller room.

By this time I must confess to having attained a peace and heatitude rare in my experience as a nomad, woefully accustomed to a series of dismal rooms bearing an unmistakable hotel aura regardless of the language being spoken in the lobby. I feel cared for, pampered and spoiled—and without any thought of the outstretched palm, as tipping beyond the percentage added to the bill is a blight that has not reached these shores.

Breakfast is the hardest hurdle, a less elaborate version of the previous night's dinner, including seaweed, soup, raw fish, sour pickles and rice. Once I rebelled, and the night before managed to convey the idea that I would like

a pair of fried eggs for breakfast. They arrived, cold, as a dessert to the usual *magoban* (the Japanese phrase for breakfast means literally "morning rice," which indicates the difficulties in achieving a break with custom). It was an experiment not repeated. Have you ever tried to manage a soft fried egg with chopsticks?

Back at the dock after our night at the inn, we found Mike aboard and *Andrea Gail* ready to go. Extricating ourselves from a web of lines from surrounding fishing boats, we powered past the breakwater to hoist sails. It was a clear morning, with a light southerly breeze fanning the long southerly swells that still persisted. The course was east, a lazy beam reach. I sprawled on the deckhouse and scanned the shore through binoculars.

Soon I identified Satta Mountain, running down into the sea, a difficult barricade in the earliest days of the Tokaido Road. Here travelers had to leave the shore and enter the ocean, battling seas and undertow, until in 1655 the government drove a path over a high gorge to facilitate the journey of visiting Korean envoys. Then, for long years in the turbulent history of the road, the danger changed to brigands lurking in the dense forests, ready to pounce at lonely Satta Pass. Through glasses I could follow the modern road winding down from the mountains and along the coast to Okitsu. On my kind cruise I had savored the hospitality of the Minaguchi-ya, where for 20 generations the same family has catered to those passing along the Tokaido, a saga described in the best-seller *Japanese Inn* by Oliver Stutler—I must reading before a visit. And on a nearby hillside I could make out the lonely, 1,400-year-old Buddhist temple of Seikengji, where apricot trees still stand that were put down by the hand of Tokugawa Ieyasu, 16th century founder of the Tokugawa Shogunate.

After we had crossed the northern end of Suruga Bay, over the *hew* appeared a cone-shaped island called Awa, which divides the largest bay of Eno Ura into two smaller segments. We passed behind Awa to fetch up in a wooded nook beyond Mito. Approaching, we were startled to be hailed in English, and soon came alongside *Tankokko* ("explorer"), a power cruiser owned by an American sport fisherman named Jim Phillips. After dropping anchor, Jim came aboard *Andrea Gail*, and we observed that most pleasant of cruising customs, the tall, cool glass. Under us the water lay flat, reflecting the changes in the sky above. And just at dusk there boomed across the silent harbor the measured strokes of a temple bell, so deep in tone and so resonant that the vibrations hung in the ears long after the strokes had ceased.


When we came out next morning Fuji was still standing guard to the north, almost clear of clouds. There was no wind. Under awnings we powered close along the shore. Behind a miniature Sandy Hook called Ose Saki, fishermen were handling nets from old-fashioned sampans,

continued



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rowing while standing erect with oars that had a curious crossbar at the butt and a T grip allowing a feathering action rather like sculling. Offshore, power draggers were returning to Mito, almost awash with their cargoes of fish. In Japan one is always aware of fish and fishermen: nets, bait cages, oyster floats, traps; tiny boats anchored in the shallows, medium-size vessels disappearing over the horizon, huge electronic-studded ships docking after long voyages—to the polar seas, to the Caribbean, to the Indian Ocean, to the Mediterranean—with fish cascading out of refrigerated holds on conveyor belts to support a population too great for the land to feed.

After a few miles on the engine *Andrea Gull* poked into the sheltered harbor of Heda, then came out to find breeze enough to fill the sails. Ghosting along, we passed a series of tiny villages—perhaps a dozen houses rimming a beach flat enough to permit the pulling up of boats beyond the surf line, each settlement separated from its neighbors by bold headlands.

The west coast of the Izu Peninsula, with its crags, valleys, cones of rock and boiling ledges, compares in beauty with any I have ever cruised. Here great forests stand thick against the granite hills. It is impossible not to be impressed by their persisting richness in a land where wood—including paper products—has for centuries been the basic material of the whole civilization. Houses, temples, boats, as well as perhaps the greatest variety of everyday articles fashioned by any nation. The Japanese use their forests, but despite the awesome press of population they have not destroyed them.

Off an especially bold cliff in our path hobbled four small sampans, barely clear of the surf and the backwash. In each were two men and a girl, the men tending ships, the girl awaiting her turn to dive deep into the turbulent water. At regular intervals a small basket was lifted through 10 fathoms of water to the deck. Not even John Laffin or Sato could guess its contents: not pearl oysters and surely not abalone. Then as *Andrea Gull* passed close, one of the men tossed across a shell like a small conch, which I immediately recognized from a memorable dinner: *sawar*, used in *tsukiyoshi*, or "cooking in the shell." I remembered the low table of a Japanese inn, the maid carefully keeping her kimono sleeves away from a brown earthenware dish as she applied a lighted match. The *sawar* rested on its side on a bed of white salt. A flame rose from the alcohol-soaked cotton buried in the shell and soon the ingredients in the opening of the *sawar* began to bubble—a quail egg floating in a delicate broth that included slivers of bamboo roots and mushrooms as well as the diced meat.

Past another point, and we had come to Arari, a tiny harbor buried deep in the land. Inside, we squeezed between a small island and a stone breakwater. The island was no bigger than *Andrea Gull*. It looked so though it

should have been enclosed in a glass case. At the water's edge was a scarlet *torii*, the sacred arch of the Shinto shrine. Beyond, a miniature bridge curved across a steep-deep chasm while, above, a single pine tree, as artfully contrived as a flower arrangement, topped a wall of ancient asymmetric stonework.

As in Mediterranean ports, the system of mooring is to drop a bow anchor and maneuver the stern to the quay. But there the resemblance ceases, for while French and Italian Riviera ports are so crowded with yachts that late arrivals can find no place, Japanese ports like Arari are



empty except for fishing vessels. A cruising yacht is a rarity and therefore a curiosity. As we approached, men sauntered over from nearby trawlers, women—many carrying babies in sashes slung over the hips—abandoned their shopping to have a look, while button-eyed moppets seriously watched every move. The dock strollers were polite and helpful, scurrying to make lines fast and anticipating any assistance that could be rendered.

Gradually the welcoming committee drifted away, and *Andrea Gull*'s cockpit became a front-row seat on the life of a remote Oriental fishing village. We were moored opposite the most imposing house along the quay, probably the residence of the mayor or head of the fishing union. Directly in front was a cement trough with brass water faucets, gleaming from use. Other householders arrived with covered buckets to fill and carry away. A few did minor bits of laundry in the trough. We could see through open *shoji* screens into the nearby rooms, where three or four generations sprawled on the *tatami* mats, sipping tea, smoking, but principally—I must report—watching television. For TV is the national passion, the greatest

continued



apparent influence in contemporary life; American westerns with dubbed dialogue are favorites, and no one has experienced the height of drama until he has heard the sheriff say to the posse, "We'll cut 'em off at the pass, boys," in Japanese.

Couples strolled past in the gathering dusk. Crewmen from trawlers tossed a baseball as long as there was light to see, then began fishing just for fun. Mama-san and papa-san and a staircase of children came out of the facing house carrying short bamboo poles to try their luck along the quay, too. We had dinner and walked to the inn for an *o-furo*, groping through unlighted alleys and streets past houses unaltered in form or style for hundreds of years.

With dawn our situation of the evening was reversed. Now the quay was the first-row orchestra and *Andrea Gail* the stage. Jim Hoffman, sleeping wrapped in a blanket on deck, opened his eyes with the first light and stared into 30 pairs of eyes opposite. Gradually our audience increased, until it seemed that the entire village had assembled. Respectfully they watched us breakfast in the cockpit and—again—helpfully they handed our lines on departure.

Outside, the southerly swells had increased—rather inexplicably, as the typhoon was well past. Slugging our way southward to round Iro Saki again, I was reminded of conditions off the northern European coast, the British Isles or the North Sea: strong currents, a steeply rising ocean floor, a leeward position in relation to the open sea, influence from frontal weather systems originating in po-

lar regions, intense circular storms sweeping up from the tropics. Offshore sailing in Japan can be rugged, even lethal. Last year 11 lives were lost when two boats foundered somewhere near Oshima Island on a single short race across Sagami Bay.

Spring and fall are the best seasons for boating in Japan. The typhoon season parallels that of the Caribbean—July through September. In October the days are clear and crisp. Winds are reliable. Good sailing conditions extend through November, although the nights are likely to be chill. Most boats are laid up from December through March, appearing with the spring buds of April. Then cruising conditions are delightful until the rainy season commences in mid-June, running for about a month. Mid-July through August is not ideal, being on the warm and humid side, but perfectly agreeable, always with the proviso that a daily typhoon check is maintained. In September the prudent skipper stays close to dependable home moorings.

Now, as *Andrea Gail* rounded the Horn of Iro Saki, we seemed suddenly to encounter the weather of all seasons. The sea rose to smite us, seemingly from every point of the compass at the same moment. After several hours of head winds, the breeze faired for a short time, then suddenly jumped through 180 degrees, from south to north. Just as quickly, the temperature dropped 20 degrees and landmarks were swallowed in fog. Nantucket could not have pulled a neater disappearing act. But the lighthouse perched above the entrance to Shimoda was already over the bow, and soon we picked up the island marking the

continued

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turn into the river anchorage. Entering, Mike and Jim were amazed by new construction along the harbor rim. Japan, along with the rest of the world, has learned to make the most of leisure. Hotels are mushrooming in places considered remote only yesterday. We found a berth wedged among sampans and settled snugly below, while overhead the rigging whined the universal song of the nor'easter.

Shimoda was the site of the first American consulate. In the afternoon we made a shore expedition to the temple of Gyokusen, where the American envoy, Townsend Harris, set up residence after Commodore Perry signed an agreement with the Tokugawa Shogunate under the guns of Perry's fleet. Prophetically, Harris noted in his diary on Sept. 4, 1856: "This day I hoist the first Consular flag ever seen in this Empire. Grim reflections—ominous of change—undoubted beginning of the end. Query—if for real good of Japan." Strangely, Gyokusenji has become a shrine for Japanese sightseers, too, perhaps because of the legend of Tojin Okichi. Harris' maid-servant. The two had a romantic attachment not only forming the theme of a favorite kabuki drama but setting an agreeable precedent for successive waves of visitors. Tojin Okichi has her own shrine on the other side of town.

It continued to blow hard the following day, so I confined my research to eating Japanese food. On a street behind the waterfront Jim and I found a superb little *suwari* bar called the Irfune ("the boat come in"). Outside it was plain enough, no decoration beyond a calligraphic sign above the door. Inside it was simple, too, but charming: a pine counter scrubbed white, wicker stools in front, a low glass case above. Under the case as part of the counter was a trough filled with black pebbles, over which water jetted from a hidden pipe—a running-water finger bowl, so to speak, and much needed. *Suwari* is eaten with the fingers.

In the refrigerated case in front of us were things to be combined with rice in the nearest approach to a sandwich in the Japanese diet: slices of octopus, shrimp, squid, tuna, sea bream, abalone and oel, fresh roe and edible portions of sea urchins. Jim and I had entered with the intention of having *suwari* as hors d'oeuvre before continuing to a hotel on the bayfront for lunch, but we got no farther than the Irfune, sampling almost everything. Among others, there was a wonderful tidbit called *owr*, a patty of rice wrapped in paper-thin seaweed topped with sea urchin, and another with the French-sounding name of *avcr*: seaweed and tuna and hot sauce and cucumber slices and rice arranged in layers on a tiny bamboo mat which was then rolled and pressed and afterwards sliced in the form of a miniature jelly roll.

The next morning it was a bit harder to hoist sails than usual. Above, the sky was clear except for scattered cirrus, although in the distance the shore was touched by a frosty haze. Course now east, breeze now east, reminding me of

the old yachtsmen's dictum that the trouble with sailing is that the wind is either dead ahead or dead astern, and there is always too little or too much. Setting main, fore-staysail and big jib topsail, we began a slow beat toward the active volcanic island of Oshima.

For the first time the ocean was reasonably calm. As I sat watching on the deckhouse, the volcanic cones of Nisijima and Kozu-shima became visible, part of a chain of seven islands that extends some 157 nautical miles to sea—and is all part of metropolitan Tokyo. Soon afterward, Oshima itself appeared, to rise rapidly as the breeze freshened.

As we neared, a plume of smoke lifted from Oshima's central crater to join the cloud cover. The upper slopes of the island's mountain core were barren lava, but there was a verdant green belt girdling the shore. We drew into Habu, the only protected port on the island. Here, by agreement, I jump ship to taxi to Okada for an early-morning assault on Mt. Mihara. "The present crater is reached by passing through a lava bed of two miles on the summit," states *Japan, The Official Guide*, published by the Japan Travel Bureau. "A fine view of Mt. Fuji and other islands can be obtained. . . ." I went to see for myself.

Although the guidebook does not say so, before the big eruption in 1957, when the crater was deeper and steeper, despairing lovers for whom circumstance prevented marriage bought one-way steamer tickets to Oshima to jump into the volcano. These romantically frustrated pairs usually were practical enough to spend a few nights at one of the inns before taking the plunge, leaving behind an unpaid bill. The suicide rate was drastically reduced when the steamship company refused to sell young couples anything but unrefundable round-trip tickets, while room clerks developed the habit of demanding cash in advance. Being alone, I managed to occupy a room at an inn without paying first.

Morning found this determined traveler, nourished by seaweed and rice, toiling upward through a landscape by Dante out of Hollywood. High above in the mists other tiny figures plodded ever higher. The Japanese curiosity surmounts all. Each time I was tempted to stop, a family group ambled by, a toddler, clutching her mother's skirt, staring at me. Finally I achieved the crest to look down into boiling rock and steam, a sight which, in any circumstances, made unnecessary for me the suicide guard armed with binoculars and power megaphone stationed at the crater's edge. As I wondered why I had left a comfortable cockpit to climb a pile of hot rock, there suddenly was a rift in the clouds that had shrouded the peak all morning, and I had a wonderful moment: a sweeping view back across our wake to the Izu Peninsula, dark green, with the majestic cone of Fuji shimmering above the plains to the north.

By the time I had descended, *Anchea Gull* was waiting at

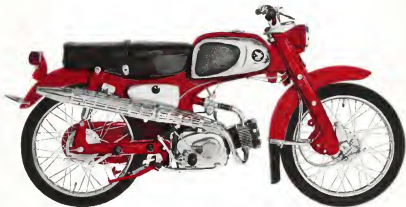
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the quay of Okada. We cast off, and with light winds began the 30-mile passage to Eno-shima, site of Olympic yachting in the 1964 Games. It was another lazy day, and I was content to compare the relative merits of sailing and mountain climbing from a supine position on the deckhouse. Fish came flapping in over the stern as Mike tended the line, while the wind gradually hauled into the south and put little cresting wavelets on the backs of the swells.

Somewhat gingerly, we approached the Olympic basin under construction at Eno-shima, not knowing what might be hidden underwater among the pile drivers and dredges. We had no sooner gained the distinction of being the first yacht to enter than we were startled by an underwater explosion, which, happily, left us unharmed. Eno-shima means "Picture Island," and in many ways lives up to its name. Shrines are tucked among trees magnificent even for Japan, and there is a cave where once a dragon lived, according to legend, now occupied by an image of Bentei, one of the Seven Deities of Good Luck. But, alas, Eno-shima, like Capri, is an island whose

beauty has become its undoing: Concy Island crossed with a bit of Waikiki Beach, three levels of escalators finally debouching into an amusement park complete with botanical gardens and a zoo. From a miniature Eiffel Tower on the summit there is a sweeping panorama ranging from O-shima to the Izu Peninsula to Mt. Fuji, but also, unfortunately, encompassing the fishermen's huts huddled just behind the Olympic basin.

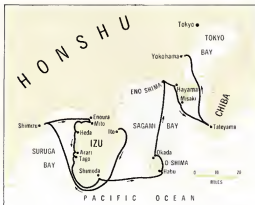
Poking in behind the breakwater at Hayama, we found a small harbor packed by small boats, indicative of a growing enthusiasm for sailing among the Japanese. We lunched in the cockpit while a mixed fleet practiced starts to a flurry of broken battens and a few dunkings, for the afternoon breeze had reached the proportions of a Buzzard's Bay sou'wester. Outside later, *Andrea Gail* had all the wind she wanted with working low-ters and a small jib topsail, driving, rail down, into the path of the sun. From the wheel I could not help comparing Sagami Bay with the Bay of Naples, site of Olympic yachting in 1960. Under Mt. Fuji, conditions might well be al-

most the opposite of the fickle airs and calm waters in the shadow of Vesuvius. Winds may be expected to attain weight at any season. Spirited sailing should be the order of the '64 Games.

Well down the coast of Mura Peninsula, we skirted Kanegishi Sho, and *Andrea Gail's* home port opened over the bows—Aburatsubo, cradled by surrounding hills, one of those rare sanctuaries truly safe in any wind. It is an ideal harbor, a natural rendezvous for the growing Japanese cruising fleet. And, in fact, Aburatsubo shelters perhaps half a dozen vessels in the 40-foot range, with approximately another 20 of lesser size. Midget ocean racers are the most numerous class, partially explained by a 40% government tax on all yacht construction. To serve the fleet, Aburatsubo has maintenance facilities, as well as a delightful clubhouse on a bluff, its front porch jutting over the moored fleet. It is a harbor exuding tranquility.

By way of contrast, a short sail down the coast lies the fishing port of Misaki. Here converges much of the fishing fleet that supplies the huge Tokyo metropolitan area. Vessels of every type shuttle to the docks, where a shed the size of a football field cannot begin to accommodate the daily catch: swordfish with the bills hacked off for more compact storage, tuna, shark—monsters from every ocean of the world side by side with small mackerel, baskets of shrimp and tubs of squid, caught within sight of the nearby island of Joga Shima.

The big ship quays of Misaki have something of the air that must have pervaded New Bedford and Nantucket during the voyages of the whalers. Crews work over gear, open-air shops make repairs, stores are taken aboard. Vendors of *sushi* and sheath knives and ice cream push little carts from gangplank to gangplank. Children are led aboard for a look. Wives and sweethearts stand under umbrellas, waiting. For the high-bowed white ships of Misaki make voyages lasting two years or more, and each departure and return is a local event. We watched *Bucho Morn No. 3* cast off. Loudspeakers played the atonal mu-



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sic of the Orient for a crowd of several
hundred on the quay. Code flags and
pennants snapped from masts while col-
ored paper streamers were thrown across
the opening gap to the crew waving
goodby from the stern.

South of Misaki, as we close-reached
across the steamer channel to Yokohama
and Tokyo, ships of all nations passed
by stern, like circus elephants on
parade. Gradually the wind increased,
until the life-rail stanchions hurried, eased
by striking the jib-top, Gail moved along
more comfortably. Rapidly we crossed
Uraga Strait to enter the flat, dusty port
of Tatsuyama. Walking the streets of this
outwardly drab town, I happened to
glance through the open gate of a private
house and saw one more priceless vi-
gnette of the old Japan: a serene and
lovely garden, its grass velvet-smooth,
pine trees artfully spaced and pruned, a
perfect composition in the texture of
granite, raked pebbles, weathered wood
and the sweeping curves of a tile roof.

Back on the boat that night, a whis-
tling wind kept us in the harbor; but next
morning the breeze was light as we sailed
northward into Tokyo Bay. Around
noon it dropped out completely, and we
unfurled the cockpit awning against
waves of heat reaching out from the city
pavements ahead. We passed the tum-
bled ruins of island fortifications shown
on the chart simply as Forts 1, 2 and 3,
navigational hazards that were not vic-
tims of war but of the great earthquake
of 1923, when most of Tokyo was leveled.

Then the afternoon southerly sudden-
ly struck in, and we scrambled to set the
genoa for a final sail. Out of a complex
of factories and chimneys and miles of
shiploading facilities appeared a small
building on a point, flags flying from a
tall staff in front. At a puff of smoke
the fleet of Yokohama Yacht Club con-
verged on a mark, just as in a race at
home. But not quite like home, I
thought, looking backward across the
bay at the sampans plying among the
shipping. Definitely not, I decided at
last, reflecting upon a cruise whose sights
and mood had been like nothing in the
world save the art of Hiroshige. END



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- 2** 3 CLUBS—5 PTS. 3 SPADES—3 PTS.
2 HEARTS—2 PTS. 4 SPADES—1 PT.

Though we have tentatively agreed on spades as trumps, a three-club rebid may lead to a better game contract in clubs or in no trump. A bid of three hearts, somewhat irregular, might make it easier to reach a contract of three no trump. A bid of four spades is apt to result in an inferior contract if partner has supported my free response with only three trumps.

- 3** 4 CLUBS—5 PTS. 4 SPADES—3 PTS.
3 NO TRUMP—1 PT.

The bid of four clubs serves a dual purpose. It implies a satisfaction with spades as trumps and earmarks the ace of clubs, suggesting at the same time a willingness to talk in terms of slam. A bid of four spades is inadequate, and I consider that my award of one point for three no trump is the result of a very generous nature.

- 4** 2 HEARTS—5 PTS. 2 DIAMONDS—4 PTS.
3 SPADES—3 PTS. 4 NO TRUMP—1 PT.

Three spades might be the choice of many readers, but this hand is worth too much—19 points in support of spades—for a jump raise.

- 5** 4 HEARTS—5 PTS. 3 HEARTS—3 PTS.
3 CLUBS—1 PT.

With anything that resembles a free raise a four-heart contract should be a virtual lay-down. However, there is still the chance that the opposition will offer a contest in diamonds as well as spades, and while the bid of three clubs is given some credit, it provides additional space for opponents to maneuver in finding a fit of their own, I have been rather liberal in my award of three points for the three-heart bid.

- 6** 6 DIAMONDS—5 PTS. 4 CLUBS—4 PTS.
4 DIAMONDS—2 PTS. 4 NO TRUMP—1 PT.

The maximum award is given for the immediate leap to a slam in diamonds. I recognize that a defense to this contract may exist, but it is important to conceal the situation from

the enemy. It is true that a bid of four clubs might result in reaching a grand slam, if partner has just the right cards, but the direct leap to a slam discloses the least possible vital information. I consider the four-no-trump bid the wrong approach to a slam when a void is held.

- 7** 2 SPADES—5 PTS. PASS—3 PTS.
2 HEARTS—1 PT.

Top billing goes to the single raise of partner's takeout, a very low award to the rebid of two hearts. I do not subscribe to the view that a six-card suit should be rebid willy-nilly. This hand has distinct merit in support of a spade call, and it is to be borne in mind that partner is under no pressure to bid. The pass is preferred to two hearts, for spades should be the better contract.

- 8** 3 SPADES—5 PTS. 5 HEARTS—4 PTS.
4 HEARTS or 4 NO TRUMP—1 PT.

As the old axiom says, "an opening bid facing an opening bid plus a jump indicates a possible slam." So I favor a bid of three spades, though five hearts is acceptable. Four hearts does not express the power of the hand.

- 9** 3 HEARTS—5 PTS. 2 SPADES—2 PTS.
PASS—1 PT.

A pass is craven; two spades at least gives partner a chance to go on. Three hearts is properly encouraging, and partner can bow out if he has little more than a minimum.

- 10** 4 DIAMONDS—5 PTS. 4 CLUBS—3 PTS.
5 CLUBS or 5 DIAMONDS—1 PT.

You could make this bid with less strength, or with more in high cards, though not enough for a free bid. Four diamonds is more apt to encourage partner than four clubs, for a return to the original suit always sounds weak. It might be tempting to jump to game, but that might in a sense be punishment for partner who may merely have been looking for a sacrifice.

- 11** 2 NO TRUMP—5 PTS. 2 CLUBS—3 PTS.
PASS—1 PT.

When an overall in no trump cannot have its usual meaning, it should be recognized as "unusual," requesting partner to choose between the minor suits. A bid of two clubs may shut out a diamond fit. A pass is at least one point better than a takeout double.

- 12** DBL—5 PTS. PASS—3 PTS.
5 SPADES—1 PT.

A double of five clubs warns partner against competing at a higher level. Five points

of the hand's strength is in the enemy's suit, where it may be of little use in a spade contract, since partner very likely holds a singleton. The pass is not recommended, for it says in effect, "Partner, I will be happy if you go on to five spades."

- 13** 5 CLUBS—5 PTS. 4 CLUBS—3 PTS.
3 CLUBS—2 PTS. 2 CLUBS—1 PT.

Partner has shown interest in both clubs and hearts, leaving the opponents loaded in spades and diamonds. The situation begs for interrupting enemy communication. You may not make five clubs, but the cost, even if doubled, should be far less than letting the opponents win the contract. All other actions, except a pass, must be given some credit.

- 14** PASS—5 PTS. DOUBLE—3 PTS.
4 SPADES—1 PT.

East has shown a weak hand, but West may have a powerhouse, so that any action you take can be expensive. The double gets a few points because it can lead to the best result—either by a pass or a bid from partner.

- 15** PASS—5 PTS. 4 SPADES—3 PTS.

It is poor policy to forgo certain profit in hopes of making game. I recommend that doubles of preemptive openings at the four level be allowed to stand unless doubler's partner has a highly distributional hand. Perhaps we can make game here, but the penalty should be comforting. This applies to hands where we cannot make game as well as to those where we can.

- 16** 5 SPADES—5 PTS. 4 NO TRUMP—4 PTS.
6 HEARTS—2 PTS. PASS—1 PT.

Partner has announced his interest in slam by first rebidding spades and then raising the heart suit; he should be assured that your three-heart bid also showed an interest in bigger things. Bidding the slam directly is not recommended, but four no trump (not Blackwood, of course) is also an acceptable move toward slam.

- 17** 3 SPADES—5 PTS. 4 HEARTS—3 PTS.
4 CLUBS—1 PT.

Partner has announced a good hand with at most one spade. Your hand is worth the equivalent of an opening bid in support of clubs or hearts; a cue bid will alert partner to this fact. Four hearts bypasses a possible game in clubs. Four clubs, on the other hand, may damper a heart contract.

- 18** 3 DIAMONDS—5 PTS. 2 DIAMONDS—3 PTS. 3 NO TRUMP—1 PT.

Your point count does not seem to justify a jump-shift response, but a solid eight-card suit warrants powerful action. The jump shift alerts partner to the slam potential; at the same time it eliminates problems that will arise if a simple two diamond response is followed by the to-be-expected rebid of two hearts.

END



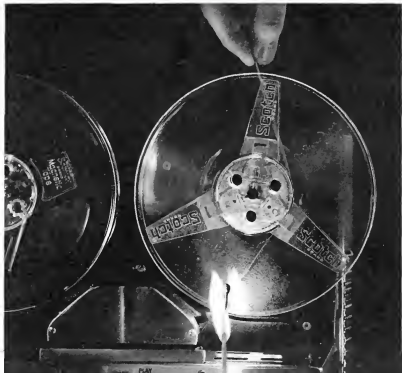
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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

TEX VS. DAN
Sirs:

Congratulations to Dan Jenkins on his part of the World Series of football article (*The Two Pro Football Leagues Must Meet*, Dec. 16). I will donate \$50 to Pete Rönelle's favorite charity if the American Football League does not beat the National Football League in their first championship game. Don't Tex Maule pick the Dallas Cowboys?

MILTON SLOD

Cortland, N.Y.

SCATTERING SEEDS

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has done a great service to the sport of skiing in bringing into focus the injustice of the seeding that applies to the 1984 Winter Olympics (*Oversewn! Ski Seeded*, Dec. 16). A thorough investigation is now under way because of your story. Coach Bob Beattie will do his best in the seeding meetings, which will precede the European races, but he may not be able to buck the system. Your support in this matter is sure to help his cause. Much, however, needs to be done in the few weeks remaining to assure that the U.S. ski team will not be beaten before it reaches the starting gate.

There is no place for bureaucracy and provincialism in the Olympic Games. All we ask is that the American ski team be seeded on the basis of its international and national performance since December 1981.

RAUL A. DES ROSAS

National Chairman, U.S. Olympic Ski Team Fund
New York City

DIRTY POOL?

Sirs:

Three cheers for Frank Ramsey on his fine article, *Swim Moves Is a Master of Deception* (Dec. 9). I'm looking forward to comparable articles by experts in other sports. Here, for example, are some titles that might prove useful: *Putting It Over on Your Caddy*, *Baseball and Spitter Techniques*, or perhaps *Punches of Face-mask Tackling*.

LEE C. YOUNG

Norman, Okla.

Sirs:

Kaltner is singularly frank, and you are courageous. I wager that you will receive more denunciations for sanctioning cheating than commendations for upholding integrity. I hereby vote to commend you.

The quickness would abolish the subtle

nuances from sport and call them cheating. But Ramsey's type of "cheating" adds dimension to athletic contests, without which they would become rather pedestrian and even, in some cases, brutish.

BRIAN J. KAVANAGH

San Francisco

Sirs:

It seems like dirty pool to me.

BROCK PUTNAM

Amherst, Mass.

G WHIE

Sirs:

Your article entitled, *A New Grip on the Game* (Dec. 16), described my new golf club grip in such glowing terms that my phone has been ringing steadily ever since. Golfers who want sets of my new "G" Grips are calling from all over the country.

The only trouble is that at least half of the people calling me insisted that the name of my new grip is the "6" Grip—because SPORTS ILLUSTRATED said so.

JOHN K. GARRITY

President,

The "G" Grip Corporation
Fairfield, Conn.

* Herewith apologies to "G" Grip President Garrity and assurances to our readers that only a typographical error (in approximately one-third of the press run) could change a "G" Grip to a "6" Grip—E.D.

DREAM RATINGS

Sirs:

Well, now you've done it! Leaving UCLA out of your top-20 basketball rating (*Scouting Reports*, Dec. 9) is like playing a round of golf without a putter.

I suggest you take your next rating at the end of this season, which will surely find the Bruins a bit higher than your "surprise packages."

I. D. McBRIN

Covina, Calif.

Sirs:

I don't know where you got your information from, but here is how it should be: No. 1 Loyola, No. 2 NYU, No. 3 Cincinnati.

GUS ROTH

Harrison, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was happy to see you rated Loyola No. 6 again this year. I feel this will give it the

continued

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18TH HOLE *continued*

determination, as it did last year, to reign as the king of college basketball.

J. A. DOWNLEY

Chicago

PERSIAN VERSION

Sirs

Being a longtime Monopoly fan, I can't tell you how much I enjoyed J. F. Wilkinson's article, *The Plot-ometer Game That Made Millions* (Dec. 2). As an ardent basketball fan, I was grateful for something to enjoy in the off season.

DOLORES FERRERIS

Union, N.J.

Sirs

I have been playing Monopoly for over 25 years myself, but when my family and I went to Iran in 1980 for a tour of duty with the U.S. Army there we found a Persian version of the game. It is called *Iropoly*. There is no basic change except airports replace railroads (which are practically nonexistent in Iran, anyway), two insurance companies are substituted for the utilities, a hospital is used in lieu of the jail and lottery cards (lotteries on a national scale are operated once a week in Iran) replace Chance and Community Chest. The game is played with Iranian currency, rials. One collects 5,000 rials (roughly \$66) when passing Start.

The streets and properties for sale in *Iropoly* are typical Teheran city streets—Shahreza, Soraya, Pahlavi, Jalali and Tar. Each square is marked in both English and the Iranian language, Farsi.

One gets the same thrills from *Iropoly* as one gets from Monopoly. We brought home a set with us when we returned this summer. But we can't help wondering if Parker Brothers are realizing royalties from the game of *Iropoly*.

JAMES D. GORETZ, USA

Fort Riley, Kans.

* No.—ED.

A POINT

Sirs

It never fails. The minute anyone suggests changing our archaic laws governing firearms, people like you immediately seize on the most extreme views expressed and repeat them as gospel, as the general viewpoint (SCORCARIO, Dec. 9). You holler that our hunters and target shooters will be victimized while the mugger will still have his gun.

No one is yelling for a complete blackout of weapons. The idea of changing laws made years ago is not to punish the law-abiding citizen, but to make it harder for the other kind to obtain their weapons. Maybe no law could keep the real criminals from getting guns, but if even a few people who intended nothing but harm were denied guns, how

many law-abiding citizens would that save? If just one, it would be worth it.

GERALD BRADFORD

Chicago

Sirs

While I hesitate to carp in the face of the deep thinking reflected in your editorial, "Arms and the Law," I would suggest that you don't quite go far enough. What is really needed, as you must know, is a law to force everyone to carry a gun at all times. That would stop the muggers "going free," as you so exuberantly put it.

The core of the problem (oh, how right you are again!) is that some people don't understand guns. Do you know, I still meet people who think that guns are dangerous!

PAUL M. GARDNER

New York City

Sirs

Your article defending the rights of the sportsman to own and buy guns is something that needed to be said. I only wish more people could see that harsh and stupid laws only apply to the law-abiding; the fanatics and criminals can always get guns. If I ever get in a position where I can afford only one magazine it will be *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

GERALD DRAKE

St. Louis

SHOOT-OUT

Sirs

The final regular-season pro football game between Pittsburgh and New York, which determines the Eastern Division representative in the NFL championship game, serves as a reminder of the erroneous way in which the NFL computes its league standings. The present method, determining the winner according to win-loss percentage (ties excluded), is not only confusing but downright unfair. A Pittsburgh win over New York would have given the Steelers an 8-3-3 record and .727 percentage (compared to the Giants' 10-4-0, .714) and thus, under the present system, the division title. Six times during the season Pittsburgh failed to defeat its opponent. New York failed only four times, yet Pittsburgh still wins the title.

Would it not be more sensible and equitable to follow the point-system procedure used by the National Hockey League whereby a win is worth 2 points, a tie 1 point, and a loss 0? This system considers the possibility of tie games and rates them where they belong—between a win and a loss.

Using this system, Pittsburgh's 8-3-3 record would be worth 19 points, and New York's 10-4-0 would be worth 20 points.

It is time the NFL awoke to the fact that, in the absence of a sudden-death period, the tie game is a definite part of pro football and should be rated accordingly.

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